

LOVE

FOR

MONEY:

OR, THE

Boarding School

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at

The Theatre Royal,

Written by Mr. D U R F E T.

L O N D O N :

Printed for A. Roper, and E. Wilkinson, at the Black-Boy in
Fleetstreet; and J. Hindmarsh, at the Golden-Bell against
the Royal-Exchange, 1696.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

- SIR Rowland Rakehell**, A covetous mercenary, vicious swearing atheistical Old Fellow, Uncle to *Amorous*, who by cheating an Infant Orphan to whom he was Guardian, possessed an Estate of 3000 l. a Year. By Mr. Underbill.
- Jack Amorous**, a witty Extravagant of the Town, generous and well-natur'd, but so extremely given to Women, that he keeps a Jilt, and has spent his Estate upon her. Mr. Mountfort.
- Will. Merriton**, A witty modest well-bred Gentleman, tho' of small fortune, a great lover of Learning, and skill'd in Philosophy, Poetry and Musick. Mr. Hodson.
- Old Merriton**, his Father, an honest, Religious, conscientious Gentleman, that privately plac'd *Mirtilla* in a Boarding-School, and maintains her unknown to Sir Rowland. Mr. Freeman.
- Nedd Bragg**, Captain Bouncer, an impudent lying Town Sharper, of infinite Merit, yet being kept by Lady *Addleplot*, wears rich Cloaths, keeps high Company, and passes for a Captain. Mr. Powell.
- Old Harry Bragg**, Father to *Ned*, an ignorant Old blunt peevish Granadeer of King *William's* Army, that by his stupid bluntness always thames his Son in Company, and hectors him into an allowance. Mr. Bright.
- Deputy Nicompoop**, Deputy of a Ward, a softly sneaking uxorious Citizen, Husband to Lady *Addleplot*, and ridiculously fond of her and the Romp his Daughter. Mr. Dogget.
- Monieur Le Peur**, An impertinent, noisie, singing, dancing, prating French Fop, perpetually gabling in Company, and trying up the Actions of the French King. Mr. Bowen.
- A Singing Master. Mr. Kirkham.
- A Dancing Master. Mr. Bowman.
- A Presbyterian Parson. Mr. Peire.

WOMEN.

- Lady Addleplot**, A Lusty flaunting imperious Lady, a high-town Sticker against the Government, and always railing at it, in talking of Politicks. Mr. Anthony Leigh.
- Lady Strodde**, her Companion, a Papist and Grumbler. Mrs. Richardson.
- Mirtilla**, The Orphan, witty, modest, and virtuous, kept privately at a Boarding School by *O. Merriton*, and true Heiress of 3000 l. a year. Mrs. Bracegirdle.
- Miss Jenny**, Daughter to Lady *Addleplot*.
- Miss Molly**, Daughter to *Nicompoop*—two tawdry hoyden over-grown Rompes of the Boarding-School. Mrs. Knight, Mrs. Davis.
- Betty Jiltall**, A cunning, singing, weeping, wheedling, toying, chattering, Mercenary Town Jilt, kept by *Amorous*, that imposes upon him, and preaches fondness merely for interest. Mrs. Butler.
- Grimsbush**, Teacher to the Boarding-School. Mrs. Cory.
- Tearsbush**, Woman to Lady *Addleplot*. Mrs. Osborn.
- Quarry**, Woman to *Jiltall*. Mrs. Leigh.
- Constable, Musicians, Guards, Mob, Footmen, and Attendants.
- The Scene *CHELSEY*, by the River. The time 36. hours.

To the Right Honourable,
Charles, Lord Viscount Lansdown,

Count of the Sacred Roman Empire, Baron Glaston of Kill-
hampton, Lord Lieutenant of the Counties of Devon and
Cornwall, and Governour of the Royal Citadel and Town
of Plymouth,

My LORD,

THO the Favour my generous and worthy Friends have done me in vin-
dicating this COMEDY against the ridiculous Malice of a Preju-
dic'd Party, be very considerable, and I ought to be extremely well sa-
tisfied with my present good Fortune, yet is not my Contentment per-
fect, till I am so happy to lay it to your Feet; and by your unquestion'd Me-
rit, Judgment and Noble Patronage, secure the Credit of these Printed Sheets
in the Reading, as the Applause of the Impartial, and Judicious, have already
done in the Presentation.

The Character your Lordship leaves amongst all Persons of Honour and
Worth, has encourag'd my Ambition to aspire to this honour; and though
the Trifle which I humbly Dedicate to you, has not merit enough to defend me
from being thought too presuming, yet the daring Desire and Zeal I have to
serve your Lordship, and express my Gratitude for your abundant Favours all
manner of ways, will, I'm sure, by your generous Nature, that never frown'd
on an addressing Author, nor discourag'd Wit, though in its meanest quality, be
receiv'd as I intend it. I have too long had the Honour and Happiness to know
your Lordship to be Ignorant of your great Modesty, when you are oblig'd to
bear any thing relating to your own Praise; and I most humbly beg you to be-
lieve, that I have not so much of the Authors common Quality, and which we see
so generally us'd in all Dedications, that I do pretend to flatter Merit like Tours,
or offend your Eyes with an Epitaph upon your Virtues, which perhaps no
Poet has Wit or Skill enough to do you Justice in, and which your uncon-
mon Modesty, and admir'd Humility I'm sure would discourage in us if we
could.

The Panegyric Part then of a Dedication, which I confess I cannot for-
bear to think reasonable here, because I know it would be just, in a manner,
quite laid aside; For what can I say in your Praise, that our little World
here does not already know? your early Courage and Bravery of Soul, has
made its Course like the Sun; and, in relation to Europe, has almost ex-
tended itself as far, especially where Honour was to be got, or any glorious
Action was going forward; and as I believe 'tis impossible for any Person

The Epistle Dedicatory.

to give a better account of the Sieges of Vienna or Buda than your self, you uniting no Enterprize that could either signalize your Courage, or satisfy your Curiosity; so 'tis as obvious to the World, that the Great Leopoldus, by the glorious Spread Eagle, so royally bestowed and nobly added to your Household Coat, sufficiently gave a Testimony that nothing but extraordinary Worth could be capable of gaining such an Honour.

This, my Lord, is so poor a Diminution of so extensive a Merit, that I'm afraid I shall rather be accused of Injustice than Flattery: for saying any thing in your Praise could not be done without saying much more than this, especially should I consider, like a right Author, that the muses are as much oblig'd to you for your generous Incouragement and Protection, as your Country is for Loyalty, Love and Resolution.

To be Patron both of Arts and Arms is a Title, my Lord, worthy of you, and which the Actions of your Life daily demonstrate, that you will more and more deserve; for whilst the Sons of Mars admire your Experience in War, and the Sons of Apollo your acquirements of Wit and Judgment, no Name can appear fairer in the Book of Fame, nor no Worth better deserve to have a Subscription there.

And as I cannot, my Noble Lord, but think it very reasonable for extraordinary Persons to be rewarded with Blessings as extraordinary; so I cannot enough express my hearts entire Joy, that the very Best that Heaven can bestow is lately fallen upon you, in the possession of so much Vertue and Beauty, which to her lasting Fame is so gloriously exalted, that even Sacred Majesty, our never enough Renown'd Royal Mistress (than whom none is more Learn'd in the Eternal Volumes of Goodness) is full of her Applause, and that this extreamest Happiness which now you possess, may Crown your Days and Nights to all Eternity, is the unfeign'd and real wish of,

My LORD,

Your Lordships most humble,

and most Devoted

T. DURFET.

P R E F A C E

IF I were now half fluster'd with Drinking, and design'd to be malicious, as some of my back Friends were the first day this Play was Acted, I could make as ridiculous a description of their Behaviour in the Pit, as my Comick Characters make of others upon the Stage; but prejudice taking no effect, and I owning my self sober, resolve to desist from any Acts of Hostility in that kind; and could wish that my hissing Antagonists of the *Nimble Craft* had as ingeniously borne a little comick Diversion where no Reflection was singular, and which my courtesie and good nature took such care not to expose in any particular person, rather than by a noise exploding of what the Judges of Wit allow, deserv'd it not, do themselves that Injury which I never intended, by rendring themselves fit to be laugh'd at, for seeming to be nettled at what they might reasonably find, if they had been pleas'd to consider it, could never give them occasion.

I confess, if what has been maliciously told to some Persons of Honour (Judges of Sense and Gratitude) to whom I've the happiness to be known, were true, *viz.* That I liv'd at a Boarding School near *Landon* all last Summer, and in return of their hospitable Civility, writ this Play ungratefully to expose 'em, I could not defend my self from being really as guilty as they must naturally think me; but my Stars were so happy to give an occasion of satisfying these noble persons to the contrary before the Play was acted; and I now think it reasonable to inform the Reader, and the Town in general, that I never was oblig'd more than for common Courtesies (*en passant*) to any of 'em, which I may fairly say, I have equally return'd, and without Reflexion upon their House keeping, in spite of Revolutions, have always been so lucky not to have the necessity of being troublesome to them for maintenance, or accept of any Courtesy which I could not, or did not, return.

And tho' after the poor and envious Injury of endeavouring to explode a thing right or wrong, I ought to be proud of my Conquest, which has done me the favour of shewing not only the power, but number of my Friends, and totally at their own Weapon, routed my Enemies, yet will I not expose my self by an unnecessary boast, nor side with them in their opinion that this Comedy was written purposely to reflect on a particular Family to whom I had a prejudice, for

I utterly

P R E F A C E.

I utterly disown any such thing; for had prejudice excited me, I might have fix'd my Characters accordingly, and given some occasion to 'em to be exasperated, which I'm sure my Comedy has not done, all the Scenes being general, and no Character nor Dress shewn particularly; nor can any Poet be blam'd for shewing this new humour of a School, when even our Senate-House, nay the Church, have been contented to suffer themselves to be the Subject of our Comical Diversions, and as to the painted Scene which some cavil at, it might have been *York* as well as *Chelſy*, if the Beauty of the Place had not given me occasion to fix there.

And now to shew that even our little Railery in Plays, tho intended meerly for mirth only, yet have power to disturb even the Men and Women of the greatest Sense, who are byas'd by other people who mischeivously relolve to place the Reflexion upon the wrong persons; it has been to my amazement told me, that some Words in the beginning of Lady *Addleplot's* part, reflects upon a certain noble person now in distress, whom by all that's sacred I am and ever was so far from reflecting on, or doing the least unmanner'd Injury in that kind, that I'm sorry from my Soul for his Misfortune; and if they please to consider of the time when this Play was written, being in *June* last, they will find 'tis impossible for him, amongst all mankind, to be the Subject of that Scene, which touches no particular, nor person of Quality, but common Ruffians in general.

As to the Comedy it self, the Success it has had is so well known, that I need give no further relation, only I must acknowledge my self sensibly oblig'd both to the Patrons and Sharers for dressing it so well, and to all the Actors in general for their extraordinary performance: And as Comedy, tho never so good, lessens it self to the Reader wanting its taking Ornament of Action; so if this chance to meet with moderate liking from the Judicious, and those that have so generally appear'd my Friends, I shall beg leave to make use of a Couplet of the late famous Earl of *Rochester*, and say,

*If but some few whom I omit to name
Approve my sense, I count their Censure, Fame.*

PROLOGUE.

When Criticks come resolv'd to damn a Muse,
What Wit can please, what Prologue can excuse?
'Tis vain endeavour to unblind their eyes;
Of such inveterate force is prejudice,

Poor harmless Plays can draw a party's hate
As if 't were Revolution of a State;
And with such force your Batteries are engag'd,
As if you took the Stage for *Mons*, belieg'd.
If in a character a Fool we shew,

'Tis ten to one it angers some Town Bean;
Or if some boyst'rous Females Rampant Tricks
That Cuckolds Husbands, and talks Politicks,
As *Lees* part now---that straight must needs abuse
Some Stickler in the Ladies Coffee House,
Tho' no Reflection is intended here,
And I dare swear the Poet ne're was there.

Or if we shew the humours of a School,
Offending none, Still some will play the Fool;
Some dancing Critick, in despite of Wit,
Shall swear, we do it to offend his Kitt,
And rashly his dull City friend possess,
That our Romps here---are meant his Babes of Grace;
Tho' all true Judges no Reflection find,
And nothing but diversion is design'd.

The Poet thinks then, finding that this is true,
Implores th' assistance of the generous few,
Assuring them they shall diverted be
If the Malecontents will let 'em hear and see:
You all can judge of Plays as well as they,
Party as wise, and sure pretend we may
To be as strong too at this time of day.

Thus low then he addresses to you all,
Your favour can his doom proscrib'd recall,
And 'tis by you that he must stand or fall.
He has done nothing here to make 'em foes,
No Worth nor no Opinion does expose,
But only harmless Comick humour shews.

As to the Ladies

He says, he would not, nor he dares not wrong 'em,
There are no Romps nor rampant Wives among 'em,
Nor Jilts;---yet in some hole should there be one
That will make *Lee's* or *Mistral's* part her own,
Her Hills beyond applause he must prefer,
A Clap would now more pernitious be from her

EPILOGUE.

By Mr. Mountford and Mrs. Butler.

Butl. D'ye hear me Mr. Mountford, pray come back,
D'ye know what I'm down here?

Mount. Yes, play'd a Crack. Butl. A Crack, what's that?

Mount. Pish, leave your bantering stuff.
I'm sure you know what th' word means well enough.

Butl. Not I, unless 'tis those that built rich Heirs
At Covent-Garden Church at Morning Prayers.

Mount. Prayers Child, no, no, your true bred Cracks ne're pray,
Their Talent's exercis'd another way.

In short thou hast abus'd a Generation
Of female Vipers in a common Station,

Butl. That is, I have abus'd, Sir, half the Nation.
Nay, some perhaps that take the thing to heart; I think I was bewitch'd to all the part.

Mount. Pray what have you done more to shew their follies,
Than I have done & expose the Keeping Cullies?

The Satyr in my part makes equal Sport as th' Poet thinks,

Butl. Ay, the Devil take him for't.
When one Dutch Lover in a keeping way
One month is better then a twelvemonths play,

Mount. Is it so faith?

Butl. Yes, as I make 'em pay.

Mount. Well, here are other things to make amends,
Mirtilla's part, must get him Female friends.

A rampant Wife is well expect'd to view,
And not ill drawn, a Sneaking Cuckold too.

Butl. I can't imagine where that Satyr books,
I can find no such Cuckold here by's looks;

Mount. Yes fifty in that upper Row Gadlooks.
Rich Goldsmiths, Mercers, Taylors, Brewers, Bakers.

Butl. And what are these? [Pointing to the Pit.

Mount. Oh, these are Cuckold-makers,
Who o're that Tribe still bear prebeminence, For you must know there's as much difference
Between the Horner and the hen-peck'd drudge, As is between a Tipstaff and a Judge.

Butl. Well, these abusive Jest's will never do, The Audience hates 'em;

Mount. That's a signe they're true

Butl. 'Dlife 'tis enough to cry the Playhouse down,
Lee's part and mine abuses half the Town.

Mount. Good Satyr's no abuse, Butl. Not where the lash is felt:
Faith Mountford thou'rt a Coxcomb: Mount. You're a Jilt.

Butl. Made so here, only by a Poets pen;
Send him his part, I'll never play't agen.

Mountford to the Audience.

This is a Trick and done or I'm a Chouse, To get a greater pension from the House;
I Therefore on the Authors part appear, To beg excuse for th' Entertainment here:
And now I from my Wife some time can borrow, I'll swinge her—but I'll make her
Pay't to morrow.

Love for Money?

OR THE

BOARDING-SCHOOL

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Young Merriton and Amorous.

Merr. **H**A, ha, ha, ha, thou art the pleasant st Fellow.

Amor. Nay, prithee suspend thy damn'd critical Censure till I have told thee the Plot, and then if thou laugh'st at me;

Merr. I shall have cause, hah---

Amor. No gad, not unless strength of Judgment, exquisite Wit, admirable Contrivance, and the rest of the noble Ingredients that qualify a brain for things extraordinary, can give cause.

Merr. Very well Sir, we shall judge of that presently; proceed.

Amor. Art thou solid then? Is thy face set?

Merr. Not a line out of order, as grave as a Country Vicar Expounding at Catechize: When d'ye begin?

Amor. Thus then, I need not tell thee, to prolong the story, the Extravagancies of my ungovernable Minority, thy self always being a spectator of 'em, tho no friend to 'em, nor need I expole my own passionate Inclinations for that delicious Creature Woman, whose sweet dear bewitching Sex I still cannot repent adoring, tho it has been the utter ruin of my Fortunes; my dear Betty whom I now live withal, charming me as much in this my worst and lowest Ebb, as when I was a Flutterer at the Court with Coach and Six and gawdy Equipage.

Merr. Prithee take my counsel Friend, and do not doze and slumber o're thy ruin: I lately came thou know'st from the University, and for self-satisfaction must confess, a great part of my study there was Woman; that dear damn'd tempting Sex as thou hast call'd 'em; I made Remarks from Rules of Physiognomy, studied Complexions, knew whether Black or Fair were true or false, all Female Pinaces, and how much Love would freight 'em; even blinded my own with poring on Black Eyes, to find their subtle motions; and for Noles, I knew all Natures from the high Roman Arch, to the sharp little turn-up Nose that stands as if 'twere set i'th face to hang one's Hat on.

Amor. Very well Sir, and what does your learned Worship infer from this?

Merr. Now I come to thee: this school amongst the rest of that Sou' going tribe, has taught me to observe thy Betty, thy dearest charmer, as thou fondly call'st her, and tho' fond love muffle her faults from thy eyes, I can perceive, and plainly, her jiltish actions, and must take the freedom of a Friend to tell thee she's false and does abuse thy Love.

Amor. Impossible! her gratitude would secure me such a friend, if I had no merit to deserve her; which being so, I am your servant, I shall not altogether

(2)
together believe Sir; besides her beauty and agreeable behaviour make such a large impression on me, that I am sure I shall never be able to part with her, like Wine uncover'd to the Sun, all the Beauty of it is soon to be lost.

I look abroad, and see the young, soft, fair,
Then turn me round, and find 'em all in her.

Merr. Nay, if you are upon your Raptures I have done with you.

Amor. Besides, I have given her frequently lusty sums of gold the more to endear her to me, and that I am sure is the Lovest best Proof of his Affection.

Merr. Yes faith, and the worst of his discretion.

Amor. Discretion! why thou talk'st like a Shop-keeper weighing of soap; a manager of sense by drams and ounces; Discretion is a spurious Brat begot between solid Dulness and sophisticated Reason; a staple Commodity for cheating in Trade, upon the *Royal Exchange*; a virtue in Country Graziers that would sell Horses or buy Sheep; the dull Companion of bob-tail'd Chaplains newly come from the College, for whom Discretion is as good in Epithite, as Circumpection is for one that quines; but amongst the *Amor* Experts and men of sense, is, was, and ever will be, the jest of Conversation, and the scandal of good Company.

Merr. Handsomely troll'd off I faith, and this you steadfastly believe?

Amor. Most conscientiously; I have known your discreet person wear his Cravat three inches from his neck, wipe his nose on his sleeve, act the Mute in witty Company three hours together, cram himself with other Peoples Jestis to vent 'em dully as his own at home, get his Cookmaid with Child in the Kitchen, and every night in the Parlour expound against Whoring with a Pox to him.

Merr. But didst thou ever hear he settled three hundred pounds a year upon her, as thou hast on *Betsy*? ha! ha! Prudence was not that want of discretion? wert thou not a Cully for that?

Amor. Not at all; no damn him, a Cully is a dull senseless Rogue bubbled and trick'd out of his Estate by subtlety. I can own my self an Extravagant, but no Cully; what she has I gave her as a *quintessence* for her Love, & not through imposition on her part; she did cheat my generous Faculty, but cheated me of nothing; and there is as much difference between *Timon* of Athens Generosity, and Sir *Timothy* Bishops lavish Folly, as between the Courage of a brave Officer bred in a Camp, and a sneaking Captain of a Country Militia.

Merr. Well, well, but thou forget'st the Plot all this while.

Amor. I beg thy pardon: To gain then another Estate to make amends for what I have squander'd away, *Betsy* and I, being newly return'd from *Flanders*, where we made shift to melt the last 1000 l. are involv'd in a Design, and such a one, that were *Nick Machiavel* alive he'd be ashamed of his Insufficiency, and thou only, as my dearest friend, I have thought fit to trust in't.

Merr. Come on then, let's hear.

Amor. Thou shalt and what will make thee wonder, know then, that tho' I have lately been out of my own Country, tis to thy Father that I am principally oblig'd.

Merr. My Father? how?

Amor. Thou shalt not doubt, of old Sir *Nicholas* Rakehell, a rich Uncle I have here in *Cheshire*.

Merr. Fox ev'ry body's word of him, there is not such another drunken, roaring, bawling, roaring, in the whole Parish; I hear he was try'd

Le Prat. A pox on him, I know him already by his dam'd tone, tis one Monsieur le Frate, a foreign, dangerous, meddling, Nothing, a fellow whose chief defence is always in bragging of the mighty Actions of the French King, for which he is loudly cry'd up by all that party; he's a great Intriguer too but then in the French way, that is he never brings it to any effect: but above all, such an eternal Tongue, pad, that the clock on't never ceases, no not in his sleep: in short, he's a right frenchman in his next quality; and now am I willing for *Morose's* Nigglepins only to defend my Ears against him, for I see he has us in the Wind.

Amor. Gad have but patience, and thou shalt hear me gabble with him; I have as good a knack at bawling as he.

Mor. So, I am like to be entertain'd.

Le Prat. Tholl, loil, loil—Ah Messieurs come vous portezvous. Well let me never be appeas'd in de possession of de fair Angel, dat I adore if I have not a bin sick for the light of my dear Monsieur *Morose*, he is de hit de soul of Conversation, a bon Compance, all de rest dat I meet are dull efford dat. Scoundrels, not fit for a Man of parts to sprinkle the dew of Wit upon. I tell you vat, I jist now came from *London* bon de how you call it, de house of de Parlement, de place vere de great a people make a de Law, and de Gospel too began I tink, jist by de great Shurth yonder, and dere de first ting I hear was a dam Rascal blowen our at de Elbow talk postigue and felling de Nation with another Blockhead, who sware so loud, dat de ver wind of de oath blew off a reverend Bishops hat began dat vas going to for ve his Country in de oder house, den after when I came into de great Hall below, dere one confounded Lawyer teize me two whole hour vid simple story telling de vast and immortal glory of de great and renown'd Monarch of *France* began—An plague wat Conversation is dis? what son of whore dare be in de world, hab deer *Morose*, hab Monsieur, vat you tink, hab?

Amor. Why gad for my part, I think the Lawyer was in the right, and that your great and monstrous Monarch that you talk of, will be par'd less, and brought into shape very shortly.

Le Prat. Zoon, vat you say le grand Roy de *France* par'd less? how you mean Monsieur? vat is par'd less? Zoon, I do understand you.

Amor. See the Wind rises, now for the storm.

Amor. Sild, maude, Monsieur, some of the brood of old English *Harry* the Fifth are yet alive, who unable to bear Injuncences so disgraceful to their ancient glory, shall unite together, and fight, baffle, rout and confound—

Le Prat. The great Monarch of *France*?

Amor. Lop off his fattening pride and Ill-got grandeur, and pare him for their use like a Corp for a Bottle.

Le Prat. Who, the great Monarch of *France*?

Amor. I see him tumbling already, he's going with a Vengeance, loil, irrecoverably gone.

Le Prat. Zoon, who, the great Monarch of *France*?

Amor. The great Monarch of *France*? Ay, the great Monarch of *France*, what a pox d'ye take him for a Devil, and think that no body can cope with him.

Le Prat. Yes began, you will find him too grand a Devil for you to conjure, ha, ha, ha. Le grand Roy de *France* going down, it make a miracle; but you English have such fine faculty of bragging, dere is no Nation in de World dat can cope with your true Englishmen, so dat de French super, so dat de English make the French

belch, the *Spaniard* strut, the *German* huff, the *Danes* tope, & the *Englishmen* only brag, brag, brag, & do nothing begar, ha ha ha, my dear Monsieur *Merrill*, I say you *Merr*. I beg your pardon, saith nothing, not I Sir. I think you have said enough for us both.

Amor. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Le Prat. You laugh, ver good, you have ver good diversion, you make this grand Disble, as you call him, is going down too; but vat if I tell you he is rather coming up, up here into your Country, and vat if he bring one hundred towlaud little Devil with huge long horn to butt at you, vat den, vat den.

Amor. Why then we'll cull an Army of Cuckolds out of the City to butt at him agen, we have as many horns as he, or else the Devil's urt.

Le Prat. Very well, do, do, abuse the City, do, anger em, and make em keep up their Wives, and call in the money they've lent, make dem refuse to raise the Regiments they promis'd, do.

Amor. No faith, I'm resolv'd to speak well of em, to certain hope that those very Regiments shall be the first to rouse your great *French Dragon* out of his den; they'r all swinging Warriors, I tell you that besides.

Le Prat. Besides? but hark ye, but hark ye.

Amor. Nay nay, hark you, I say there is another stratagem.

Le Prat. Zoon hear a me speak, morbleau, hear a me speak, I say dat---

Amor. I say that the Common Council of London have within this two days made an order.---

Le Prat. I say that de policy of France have thought fit [speaking Noth together.

Merr. So, so, hallooe, hallooe, ten Crowns to one on the French Parrier. [Apart.

Amor. Politically, judiciously, wisely for the safety of the people.

Le Prat. Zoon will you not give me leave, I tell you dat de best.

Amor. Tell me nothing, the best at a stratagem in the whole World is---

Le Prat. Is the French King, begar, there? you before you.

Amor. The French King, a pox, we shall starve him in one fix months longer, the loss of his Wine Trade has almost broke his heart already, that one Law has undone him.

Le Prat. Yes begar, just as much as de other Law for selling Wine at sixpence de quart did the Vintners, morbleau he know ver well how much you English care for de Law.--- Goshen enter, on my Conscience I was particularly design'd by Providence to confront and rally the Vices of your Country. I perceive every day so many filthy crime, sulsome follies, damnd extravagance, and ungenerous Action, that dear *Merrill* I cannot forbear telling thee as my bosom-Friend, that I cannot be long extreamly fatig'd and disturb'd, and am begar eternally.

Merr. Eternally prating, a pox take thee, and I am the unlucky Dog doom'd to be worried,--- in short, *Amorous* and I have some business together, therefore prithee let me beg thee to be so civil as to leave us.

Le Prat. Leave us, dat is very fine, dere be a touch now of right English breeding, they never distinguish a man of Parts from the nasty Vulgar, for I hate ill manners like a Toad, but times will turn, the *French* are coming, & ye hear, that's my comfort: five hundred Sail, and a thousand Fireships, they're coming ma foy.

Merr. Well, get thee gone and let 'em come and be damnd. [Exit.

Le Prat. And Fireships, Zoon there will be a blaze.

Merr. Pruthee oblige us and go.--- Dear *Le Prat* be so civil.

Amor. The Heat has made me sweat like a Horse in the dog days. *[Aside.]*
Leiford. Why then all Rallery apart morbleu I cannot be civil if I would,
 not stir one foot from his place, for I've appointed Musick this instant to meet
 me here to serenade a Lady that lodges just there at the corner of that house,
 ah, and see here they come Measures forbein yenn.

Enter Musicians.

Amor. This Lady he speaks of is my Betty, that window there belongs to her
 Apartment, she has told me indeed of a hiding Fool that often addressed him-
 self this way, and now I find tis this Coxcomb.

Merr. Art thou not jealous?

Amor. What of such a thing? prithee have a better opinion of me and her
 too, I'm satisfied she knows him for a Fool.

Merr. And perhaps likes him the better; Women have strange Appetites, a man
 of sense as a good standing dish may go down a little at first, but a Fool is generally
 their belov'd second course & desert, Truth & Tromperry best suits their longing.

Amor. To convince thee of the contrary in her, step *Le Prave is instructing*
 aside here and thou shalt see how she'll use him. *[the Musick.]*

Merr. With all my heart, for I confess I am yet an Infidel. *[A Song here mimick-
 ing the French.]*

SONG.

A s soon as day began to peep
 And little twinkling stars withdrew,
 Began our love no longer sleep,
 Dear charming Devil for you,
 Far from my weary tumbled Bed,
 Must early rouse my pensive head,
 My passion to pursue,
 To come with Fiddle, Song, and Voice,
 To bid good morn, to your bright Eyes
 My love so much more ean.

Second movement.

With sitting up late at your Window or Gate,
 With howling and squawling I'm grown a merr Cat,
 And all that your grace I may win,
 I scratch and I purr at your cruel heart's door,
 And mew, mew, mew, to come in.
 Sometime that ugly Witch despair
 Make me believe you frown,
 And tempt me, which is ver severe,
 To hang my self or drown,
 But tho' me dare with brutal sight,
 And watch your dear whole Winter night,
 Let me no care to sing,
 Of Voice, of Fiddle, and of Song,
 To say I love, and say how strong,
 Begar is much the better Tong.
 With sitting, &c.

Enter Oyley.
Le Frs. Oh, I see he has sent for me: Tres humble service to you, Sir.
[Combs his Period]

Oyley. Sir, my Lady wonders you are not ashamed to make this noise to disturb the neighbours; she bid me tell you too, that she admires you should think that pitiful fiddling and piping should win a Lady of her Beauty and Quality; so first desiring a Cessation of Car-guts, she implores your absence. The Fool has been here twice a piping without a penny of money in's Pocket, which I can assure him will not take with us.

Le Frs. Not fiddling and piping with a Lady? A plague of your damn'd English Brutality: Zoon there is no other way in France to win de Lady, but dat; a Lady there, shall as soon take a Gentleman with a good Pipe as a good Patrimony; but here nothing will do but money, money, a plague take her, Gallone I must get some and present her, for I love her dammably, and I see there is no oder way; along Messires.

Amor. Now, did not I tell thee how she'd use him, I know she hates all mankind but me.

Merr. Still I say be wary, for according to the Poet,
Show me a man of sense in all the Hall
That some one Woman has not made a Fool.

Here she comes, my Company will be of no use now; besides, I've a Bullet to write to my own dear Angel. Adieu.

Enter Jiltall and Oyley; Amorous runs and embraces her.
Amor. My dearest Comfort!

Jilt. My Jewel---My dear Jackey, why did you rise so early this morning. Sirrah, hah?

Amor. I had business Child; but I have been laughing this half hour at Mrs. Oyley's message to that serenading French Puppy: ah my sweet life, every hour brings me more and more into my Debt.

Jilt. And so ye dear Rogue you have been Eve-dropping, have you? Indeed Jackey I won't allow that: what can't your Mistress have a spare Gallant to herself a little, but you must be peeping, you little pretty honey dear dog you?

Oyley. Now is there something to be got out of him I'm sure, by this fondness;---ah wit of Man, where art thou?

Amor. Would I had never seen it, for I am grown so jealous o'th sudden, and my heart does so swell; go, go, get ye gone, I don't love ye, you shall kiss me no more, you have got a French Hapdagger now.

Jilt. I'll kiss you as well anon at night, for I'll tye your hands to the Bed-posts, when you are asleep, I'm resolv'd you shall play no more tricks with me.

Amor. Nor you shall wake me no more if you go to that, with sprawling over me, pretending to put out the Candle.

Jilt. Do you hear Oyley, did you ever hear such a confident little dear honey, Tying Rogue, there's for you Sirrah.

Amor. And there's for you Hussy, and that, and that.
Mrs. Oyley, pray stand by a little and see fair Play, and you shall see how I'll man her, I'll smother her immediately.

Jilt. Oh, a Truce, a Truce, I'll play no more, but I'll punish you at Nights.

Night Sirrah you shan't think to carry't off that you shant you dear, dear, dear,
Sweet damn'd Dog, you. [Closes his Check and Kisses him.]

Oyley. Ah sweet damn'd Canning, how I love thee, this must be upon some
Right Matter, for this is better acted then ordinary. [Aside.]

Jiltak. But leaving off fooling, for I'm so fond of this Puppy, that I can scarce
mind any other Business, how goes our Plot, Jocky, when is this nasty Uncle of
things to be fled, when am I to act the Indian Heiress, and take my Voyage
from *Bahama*? Ah you dear little Pimp, you.

Amor. What, you expect a new Addition to your Settlement, do you Fluffy,
but I'll prevent those vain Hopes, I will, black Eyes, for I wont tell a Word.

Jiltak. Choose Churl, you shant Kiss the Mony-Mole upon my Daddy this
Month then I am resolv'd.

Amor. Ah dear, Dear Mole, come I will, I will tell rather than be punish'd so,
I'll discover any thing.

Jiltak. Quickly then, for if once I swear, begin, and seriously.

Amor. Why then, in good earnest, you are to go to your new Lodgings to night.

Jiltak. At the Boarding-School.

Amor. The same; I have agreed with the Governess and have also found out
a Roguish Lawyer of my Acquaintance with a Conscience and Confidence suitable
to the Business, who is to be ready to begin the Process; we have got a
Sun-burnt Saller or two likewise to Swear he was hir'd to carry her over, and
put the better face upon the Matter.

Jiltak. And I'll warrant you for acting my part, give me but my Cue, and
you shall see me do it like any Player.

Amor. If I should get a Thousand pounds a Year by this Trick now, would
not you want a Croshet of Diamonds, a Neck-lace of Pearl, nor no such Trifle,
hah, for I had you will take pains and act your part very diligently.

Jiltak. Indeed my dear sweet pretty Puppy-face, not for that, but only because
Child I know a thousand Guinnys would do thee good, thou knows my dear dog,
I was never fond of Money, besides Jocky, I have Croshet and Necklace already, I
confess Love if I had a pair of Pendants as my Lord Keppell's Mistress has.

Oyley. Oh, now tis out.

[Aside.]

Jiltak. I think they would become me as well, but my Sweet Honey Sugar
Candy Rogue, I can be contented without, I'll ask nothing, Dearest.

[Strokes and Kisses him.]

Oyley. Finely acted, I swear, ah, where's the wit of a Man now; I say still,
there's not a Stroke of that soft hand but will coll him fifty Guinies. [Aside.]

Amor. Thou needst not ask, that mayst command so absolutely, I'll tell thee
more when I possess it, in the mean time be sure to get ready against Seven in
th' Evening to take Coach, I'll go put on my Disguise and find out my Uncle,
who is either damning himself at the *Maggy-Tavern*, or at my Lady *Addlepot's*
in by it, there I'll break the matter to him, and dear Fortune stand but pro-
pitious now and then my sweet pretty charming Black Eyes, and I will Live and
Lanch and Love to perpetuity. [Exit Amor.]

Jiltak. And if thou fallst in it, thou shalt be serv'd just as the Mony-less Moun-
teur was before thee Oyley, how dost thou like my managing of this fond Puppy.

Oyley. Troth Madam, I have been admiring you, and think you have play'd
a better Scene than is to be seen upon the Stage, but pray give me leave to ask

you a question, do you not love Mr. *Ananias* at all?

Jilt. No Faith not I, but I love his Money which I finde this Plot is likely to bring—he has already settled three hundred pounds a year upon me. I love that well enough.

Oyley. And yet you call him Dear, and Sweet and Honey.

Jilt. Words, words only—meer Springs to catch Woodcocks; I never call a Fellow Dear and Sweet, and Honey, but I think him a Dog, a Cully, and a Rascal.

Oyley. If you think so ill of him who is a witty man, and whose only fault is too much fondness, how will you entertain the impertinent *Frenchman* that I know intends you another visit?

Jilt. Why if he comes with money you shall admit him; Love for money ever while you live wench.

Oyley. What, that nauseous chattering Fool?

Jilt. Ay, ay, any Fool in *Europe* that has money, learn this of me, as they that first debauch us, do it for their own pleasure without any consideration of our Ruine; so we that are debauch'd ought to value no Morit equall to our Interest: If a Fool comes larded with Guinnys, and a Wit empty, the Fool is like to be prefer'd for all the tothers Tropes and Figures, besides a Wit plays cautiously, and upon the square, when a Fool sets deep without consideration, and therefore to me is the more meritorious by half.

For what's the worth of any thing,

But so much money as 'twill bring.

As a famous Author has it.

Oyley. Now you talk of Money here comes Mr. Deputy *Nicompoop*, the sneaking rich Goldsmith that married the famous stickler against the Government, the Lady *Addlepot*.

Enter Nicom. and Brag.

Jilt. I have heard of her, her House is the very Common-Shoar into which all the Male-contents oth' Town drain themselves, she pretends to rail at the Times for Conscience sake; but 'tis really on no other score but her own Vanity, for the glory of being thought a notable Woman, out-weighs all her other reasons whatever: that fluttering Fellow there goes for her Kinsman, but is really her Gallant, and kept by her under her Husbands nose; so she finishes her Character at her Cuckolds cost, and by her management of him, teaches the true Doctrine of Passive Obedience.

Oyley. Bless me, how fine is he; I see these grumbling Ladies keep high, however they mislike the Government.

[*Exeunt.*]

Nicom. Nay, but seriously, Captain, and Son in Law that must be, I was strangely asham'd to have an impudent Fellow, a ragged red-coat Rogue to talk at that rate.

T. Brag. By the Sun and Moon, and all the Planets, had I heard him, his Soul had paid for his Sawciness, the Sun should have shon through him ere he had spoke five words; but prithee honest Father in Law that must be, what did the Rascal say; hah?

Nicom. Say, why seriously I think the Fellow was mad, he had the impudence to say that he was your Father, and that your right name was *Bragg*, and that you were the wickedest Rake-hell in Town seriously, and then he call'd you a hundred Pimps one after another.

Bragg. Intolerable Rascal.

Obituary: Dog. — obituary notice in the New York Times, 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911, 1912, 1913, 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917, 1918, 1919, 1920, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926, 1927, 1928, 1929, 1930, 1931, 1932, 1933, 1934, 1935, 1936, 1937, 1938, 1939, 1940, 1941, 1942, 1943, 1944, 1945, 1946, 1947, 1948, 1949, 1950, 1951, 1952, 1953, 1954, 1955, 1956, 1957, 1958, 1959, 1960, 1961, 1962, 1963, 1964, 1965, 1966, 1967, 1968, 1969, 1970, 1971, 1972, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976, 1977, 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, 1982, 1983, 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 25

Nicom: And when you went into the Coach with my Lady say Wife, if I had

not stop him, on my Conscience he would have come in after you.

Bragg I'll have the Rogue whipl'd from Charing-Cross to Chatham for this.

wait upon my Lady my wife, to beg leave of her to receive my wife's friends.

representing the following: 1. The first group of numbers (1-10) represents the number of years since the first year of the study (1990).

Admiral: I will. I will. I'll but take another turn and be with her.

Admiral: I will! I will! I'll but take another turn and be with her.

Punch Bowle. *[Sings and dances.]* **[Exit Nicompoop.]**

Enter Old Bragg and goes round him staring at him.

Old Bazar, Your Servant Sir

Yours Sir

Old Buzz. The very best we find.

Q. Did you know the Sir?

Q. Did you know the Sir?

Goat : do you hear a word with you Friend, am not I your father Sir ?

you are Sir?

T. Bragg. My Hat's too good to be spoil'd Sir, and the Feather in't cost a Guinea.

Sirrah, what are you too good? [Strikes off his Hat.

T. Bragg. What a plague you wont Rob me, will you sure? you know the Law.

come, if you would save your bones disburle, and quickly, Mony, Mony, Mony, come.

and quickly--for

OLD BRIDGE

Old Bragg. You have a Rampant Lady, I hear, you Rogue to uphold your Prodigality; you can feast upon Wine and Venison, when I was fain to dine yesterday with an honest Dutch Trooper, a friend of mine, upon a pickled Herring, you dog; but come Sirrah, since you are kept with a Fox t'ye, let's see what Wages her Ladyship affords, let's see the Cod, come.

T. Bragg. I've nere a Sowle upon my faith Sir.

Old Bragg. How, nere a Sowle, what then you do my Ladys Druggery for nothing, do you Sirrah? a fine Trade indeed, a hopeful Imploy, had not you better have staid with the Black-Smith where I put you to Prentice, you prodigal Villain.

T. Bragg. No, I thank you, faith I've an easier Forge to work at, and better Company.

Old Bragg. Come, I'll try what Company you keep presently, I'll give you the Test Faith, I'll part with the best part of my Dinner to treat you for once: come Sirrah, here's King William's Health, *[Pulls out a brandy-bottle and drinks.]*

T. Bragg. O Lord, indeed Sir I never dare drink any Brandy.

Old Bragg. Sirrah drink, and quickly, or by this bottle I'll cut your throat.

T. Bragg. D'sheart Sir, you'll undo me, my Lady will smell me, and she hates the smell of Brandy as she hates the Devil.

Old Bragg. You lye you Dog, there's nere a Lady of her party but has a Bottle by her bed-side every night: what a plague, d'ye think I have not heard of their cold Tea?

T. Bragg. D'sheart, how should he hear of the Ladies cold Tea? 'tis the greatest secret at Court, by this Light.

Old Bragg. Come, come, the Health, the Health.

T. Bragg. Why then here's the King's Health, I'll top upon him as our Party use, with a Mental Reservation, — Come, the King's Health Sir. *[Aside.]*

Old Bragg. What King? What King, Sirrah? speak the words.

T. Br. Sings. Sir, I drank to the King, and I took it off clean,

And he's but a Fop that asks what King I mean

Old Bragg. A Fop, very well Sir; in troth y'are in the right, and to quip me better to be one, I think this Hat and Feather would not be amiss, this Peruke likewise is proper, this Coat and Sword likewise.

[Old Bragg takes away his Hat and Feather, and Sword and Coat.]

T. Bragg. D'sdeath what d'ye mean Sir?

Old Bragg. To make Money of 'em, and drink the King's Health you Rogue.

T. Bragg. Nay, Father.

Old Bragg. Sirrah, stir a foot after me, and I'll run my Sword in your Guts; Zooks I've a great mind to the Breaches too; I could flea a Rebel methinks as I would an Ele: but come, this shall serve at present; but d'ye hear, Sirrah, get Mony in your pocket against the next time to relieve your old Father, or I'll have no more mercy on thee than a she-Tiger has of a Traveller, when her Cubs have had nothing for dinner.

T. Bragg. So, a very pretty business this, thus am I serv'd by this old Rascal when ever I refuse him Mony; nay, nor is this all, for the disgraces I suffer by him vex me more by half, — Meeting me talking with a great Lord in the Street t'other day, Sirrah, says he, lend me eighteen pence, for my Stockings want footing, and my shoes have lost both their heels, my Lord staid at him like a stuck Pig, and he as much at my Lord, till having dispatch'd him, I was fain to recover all by Swear-

ing he was a craz'd old *Hedge-Hill* Officer, that I kept upon Charity. Well, this won't do, I must find some redress, tho' I want Courage to beat the old Scoundrel; but first to my Lady, to whom I must tell some damn'd lye or other for a new Hat and Peruke; one hour's soft Indecarment I know will quip me again.

Tho' to the Royal Aid she'll nought disburse,

To me she never fails to draw her purse.

The End of the First Act

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Old Merriton, and Young Merriton.

Old Merr. O *H Will*, well met; when were you last at the Boarding-School?

To. Merr. Yesterday, Sir.

Old. Merr. Then you must give me leave to guess your business there; nay, I'll not question you, but only let you see a Fathers Eye, guided by his Indulgence, still most observes when it seems least to do so: what think you of *Miranda*? come, speak freely.

To. Merr. Sir, to dissemble is a Courtiers Vice, that ne'r intends to do the thing he promis'd: I'll speak my thought as free as Air, I think her the brightest Jewel of her Sex, her Vertues set in her Beauty are unparalell'd; and like the Jewel of great *Tuscany*, too rich for all the neighb'ring Kings to buy.

Old. Merr. Thou speak'st my thoughts; do'st love her, prithee tell me?

To. Merr. Alas Sir, be not pleas'd to hear my Follies; my Will you know is bounded in your Pleasure, on your Commands depends my love or liking; besides, tho' dress'd in Beauty, Wit, and Innocence, I hear she is an Orphan, and unknown, not fit for me to love, that cannot raise her to what her worth deserves.

Old. Merr. She may be known hereafter; and not to baulk your fancy, Sir, I give you leave to exercise your liking, and if you think fit, license you to love her.

To. Merr. Which I could do, and faithfully, but must grieve that my small fortune---

Old. Merr. Do not upbraid me, Son; if my distresses have, like clouds, hung o'er me, and so involv'd thee in my sad Misfortunes, believe me 'tis no fault of mine, but fates; that thou deserv'st more I must needs confess; for tho' my Son thou art, to Vertue nearer, Arts still have been thy aim, Wit, Honour, Justice, Philosophy, soft Musick, with all the train of noble Sciences.

To. Merr. Good Sir, no more, you need not shew too nearly how much I am indebted to your goodness.

Old. Merr. Thou art not in my debt, but rather I in thine; the trust I had in the last Reign deceiving me, beggering my hopes, makes me but half a Father: I deserv'd well, and loyal Faith express'd, but Ruine was the word, and I amongst the rest.

To. Merr. Divert the Subject, I beseech you, Sir.

Old. Merr. To the purpose then--When did'st thou see young *Amorous*?

To. Merr. To day Sir, who told me, he was much beholden to you for a late Plot, upon his sordid Uncle.

Old. Merr.

Old Merr. 'Tis true, for I must own I hate that vicious Fellow more than Cowardine; tho' for some private reasons I seem to indulge his Humour; more of that hereafter; I know you are for the Boarding-School this Afternoon, to see the Fair forlorn; well, give her my Love, he'll make thee not less welcome for't I'm sure. — *Adieu.* — [Exit V. Merr.]

Old Merr. John.

I have maintained her there this many years unknown to any; and will proceed till fate make ripe my project; young *Anthon* was framing an Intrigue till I discover'd, and diverted him with a specious Plot upon his Uncle to amend his Fortunes; he is not of that mean desert he seems, nor my Son's Love so weak as he pretends 'tis. Time must ripen all. Here comes Sir *Rowland* as merry as Wealth and Wickedness can make him, — my first game is with him, I shall go near to dash his jollity.

Enter Rakehell.

Rake. Hoh, Devotion, art thou there with a pox to thee, and without a Prayer-book in thy hand too; that's a wonder, faith, for thou art as rarely seen out of a Church, as I am out of a Tavern: pox on thee, what a dull scandalous life dost thou lead? thou art swilling thy belly full of Small-beer Devotion every morning, whilst I am sanctifying mine with Sherry, Sugar, and Nutmeg, you old Church-Puppy you.

Old Merr. O rare Sir *Rowland*.

Rake. Right, old *Urim* and *Thummim*, and oh rare Sir *Rowland* it shall be; I intend to have it for an Epitaph upon my Tomb as well as *Ben. Johnson*, for I shall have a Name for the best of his qualities. I can drink Sack as well as he, though I can't write so well in the praise on't.

Old Merr. To have a name for drinking Sack only, is a wretched Trophy at our years Sir *Rowland*, methinks you and I should study to be dignified by our Vertues.

Rake. Vertue! here's a hypocritical-old Dog; Gadzookes, name a word more of Vertue to me, and I'll draw upon thee; speak a syllable to me of Religion, Morality, Godliness, or any of your canting stuff, and I'll run my Sword in your guts, you old Orthodox Thief you.

Old Merr. Nay, if you are so hot Sir —

Rake. Talk of Vertue to me, the blood of the *Rakehells*, you old Pew Pimp; a starving notion that all the world laughs at; and which the wiser part of it always abhor'd: prithee ask the young Cocking Atheist how he got his rich Widow with 6000*l*. a year, and see whether he answers Vertue, or the illiterate Dunce that can scarce spell his own Name, whether he got his Place at Court by Vertue; the sweaty splay-foot City Putt, whether he came to be Lord Mayor by Vertue; ask how the Landress came to be a Lady, or the lawless Pettifogger a Judge; and see if Vertue be the cause on't, ye old Church-Wesel, ha, ha, ha.

Old Merr. I think in Reason we ought to believe it the cause, whatever you may imagine.

Rake. Reason! the Devil take him, he's got next door to Vertue again already: why I tell thee, like an incorrigible Sor as thou art, that Reason has nothing to do in the business neither, the course of all humane Affairs depend on Destiny. Reason and Vertue are as useless drugs as Learning and Poetry; the first is disgrac'd by Knaves, the last ruin'd by Fools, and there's Morality for thee, thou old Hallock.

Old M. Though this be a profligate Rascal, yet he's in the right in that *Aside.*
Rake. Ha, ha, ha, besides, I can't forbear laughing fairly to think, for all thy praying and mumbling, what a damn'd Hypocrite thou art. Here do I enjoy an Estate of three thousand a year, by having a young Orphan that was my Ward, kidnab'd to the *Indies*; and thou, for the sake of two hundred a year got it done for me; there was Vertue, ha, ha, there was Vertue.

Old Merr. Well Sir, you need not upbraid me, however: You have small Reason if you knew all. *Aside.*

Rake. Well, well, I won't upbraid thee, ha, ha; I won't upbraid thee, for to tell thee the truth, I think thy Vertue and mine have much the same weight, that is in short we are Rogues both, & so let's like Politicians keep one anothers Counsel.

Old Merr. You may guess, that for my own part I have no great mind to be hang'd for any Discovery of my one, but I've a secret to tell you that somewhat troubles me.

Rake. A secret! prithee what is't, old *Bellarmino*? come let's hear it.

Old Merr. Why 'tis credibly reported, that your Nephew Mr. *Amorous*, that went to travel lately, after having mortgag'd the rest of his Estate to you, has unluckily in the *Indies* met with this very Orphan, made a discovery from one of the Ships Crew that is since dead, and has now brought her over with him to claim her Right.

Rake. Disheart thou art not in earnest, old Psalm Book, art?

Old Merr. 'Tis most certainly so, Sir, I saw one of his Indian Retinue not half an hour ago in the Street.

Rake. Oons we must be Impudent, and swear bloodily, we must not be mealy-mouth'd: hah old *Amy Mary*, we have possession, they shall Law and Claw too before they get it:—how now;

Enter a Footman foreignly dress'd.

Who would you speak with friend?

Foot. Ke zowl mon dingos Bulhterosh vin draggozeen Ilander gin flounce van dander Scopen.

Rake. Scopen, ay you may Scopen and Slopen long enough with a pox t'you, before I understand ye, this Rogue has got the language of the Devil, and on my Conscience is come to teach it us instead of our Dutch, dost understand him, old Surplice? I know thou hast been a Traveller.

Old M. Dsllife, very well, Sir, he tells ye in the Morisque tongue, that your Nephew is in the garden, and desires to speak with you.

Rake. Gadzooks I shall murder the Dog, I shall ne're have patience.

Old M. Oh Sir, hear what he says whatever you do: Ile stand behind that hedge there, and make remarks—Collimosh Zwingle gowse Scopen awlin----

[To Footman.]

Foot. Youl, youl — *[Exit making an awkward reverence.]*

Rake. Youl, youl, the Devil youl ye--Belzebubs own darling dialect, by this light.

Old M. He comes Sir; I'll retire— *[Exit Old M.]*

Rake. Now must I set my face and steer upon him just like a Court-depender upon a great Lord that has newly worm'd him out of his Office, and is too powerful for him to bear, that is, Salute him Civilly, and all the while heartily wish him damn'd.

Enter

Enter Amorous dress'd like an Indian.

Amor. Dear Uncle, I am heartily Sorry that my occasions could let me no sooner wait on ye since I came to *England*, but assure your self my Duty has often made me heartily wish to see ye. --- *hang'd I mean* --- *[aside]*

Rake. Oh 'tis very well, 'tis very well good Nephew; why faith I did not Expect ye so soon, I did not think you could have made your Tour of *India* and the *Mogull's* Country in twice the time, in my opinion you have made too much hast home --- with a pox I see. *[aside]*

Amor. I had stay'd longer indeed had I not returned to do you a small piece of service, which Sir you shall presently know, and what an honour and tenderness dear Uncle I have for you --- I mean for your money, ye old Dog Bolt. *[aside]*

Rake. To do me service, Nephew, prithee let's hear: how the Sun of a Whore looks in that habit, as if he were engender'd by a *Succubus* upon an *Indian* Witch. --- *[aside]* Come good Nephew, prithee let's hear --- *[sneering]*

Amor. Then in short, Sir, I came home thus suddenly to clear your Reputation.

Rake. My Reputation, ha, ha, ha! --- what in th' Indies, prithee Cousen dont make me think thou'rt mad, 'oons I never car'd for't here man, and dost think I value it in the *Mogulls* Country --- besides I know my reputation here is as secure as any mans.

Am. Ah Sir, would you could make it out.

Rake. So I will Sir. I have three thousand pounds a year fool; --- that's reputation. Set that upon the Exchange against any mans honesty, and see which will buy most Cuthinele.

Amo. Sir, you han't a groat a year.

Rak. Hey-day, the fellow's possest, some *Indian* Devil has bewitch'd him.

Am. Oh you'll find it otherwise Sir, in short then to keep ye no longer in suspense, the Orphan Heiress's daughter to Sir *William Weakby*, committed to your charge, and so strangely lost about 9. years since, was lately discover'd in the Indies by a Sea-Captain upon his death-bed, to whom she was sold, and is now return'd with me, with intention to Claim her Estate in your possession.

Rake. Pshaw pshaw, what witnesses Nephew, what witnesses?

Amo. Oh the Devil and all, Sir, the Captains kinsman, several of the Ships Crew that carried her over, besides a Convincing sign, a Ruby that hung about her Neck with her Fathers Coat of Arms upon't.

Old Merrit peeping] So now the old Rascal sweats, work on, work on my Plot, thus far it goes rarely --- *[aside]*

Rake. Would she had been Choak'd with the string on't before she had come hither to discover her pedigree, d heart I shall be hang'd for Kidnapping --- *[aside]*

Amor. Come Sir, I see you a little disturb'd, therefore as I said before, to let you see what a kindness I have for your Credit, perhaps upon some reasonable Considerations, I may put you in a way Sir ---

Rake. Hold, hold, let me see her first, and then talk of Considerations, I must be Cunning with the Rogue, there may be a trick in't. *[aside]*

Amor. That you shall Sir to morrow, without fail, and be thoroughly Convinc'd of all, and what further service I can do ye.

Rake. Very well, and with secrecy good Nephew d'er here? you know your Uncles Honour is as your own, and so farewell for this time, but proof must clear all; for my part I own nothing, if it be thy fortune to oblige me, I'll be as ready

ready to prefer thee, -- [upon the Gallows] -- [aside] So honest Nephew, adieu till to-morrow: Ah plague on your *India* -- *Engage*, I would I could get somebody to murder the Dog -- [aside] *Exit Rakehell*.

Enter Old Merchant.

Amor. Ha, ha, ha, ha, who's here, my Genius, my best friend --

Old M. I was acted rarely.

Amor. Did ye hear us?

Old M. Most distinctly, and doubt not but the Consequence will be as pleasant: away, away, I know he's upon the hunt for me, and he must not see us together; Is not this better now then hankering after a silly money-less Orphan with a white face, and nothing in her purse, ha?

Old M. That's well, but hark I hear him coming, away, away. [Ex. Amorous.] Thus your great Wit that long renown'd does pass, is often by a greater made an Ass.

Re-enter Rakehell hastily.

Well Sir, what news?

Rake. Why all the news that I know is, that thou art to be hang'd like an Ignorant praying Kid-napping Rascal as thou art.

Old M. Hang'd Sir.

Rake. Yes, hang'd Sir, and a pox on thee, nothing vexes me but I am to keep that Apocriphal face of thine Company; all's out, we are discover'd with a vengeance, this is your trusting your Sea-Captain with a murrain t'ee, you may remember dog-fish that I advis'd ye to knock her in the head like a discreet person as I was.

Old M. Faith I could not in Conscience kill the pretty Creature, that's the truth on't.

Rake. A Plague o' your Conscience, must I be hang'd for your confounded Conscience, must I? you had conscience enough to swallow Two hundred pound a year for Kid-napping, ne're keekt at that you old pew-pimping Rascal.

Old M. Nay then, since you provoke me, know, the Rascal is in the inside of your own hide, and ye lie, I ne're receiv'd a groat on such a damn'd attempt.

Rake. What, art mad, where i't then? a pox where i't?

Old M. Manag'd till the deceiver I deceive.

And thou art hang'd by a strong Rope I weave. [Exit.]

Rake. What a Devil does he mean? gad I believe the grave fool's brain's crackt through meer fear, as it generally happens to these sober praying Coxcombs with Clodded brains and no Genius, the Rogue has a hang upon me, I must not fall out with him; however I'll send for him presently to the Tavern, and if I can make him Drunk, there leave all fates transactions for to-morrow.

And with full Bumpers Tope away all sorrow. [Exit.]

Enter Nicompoop meeting Tearshift.

Nicom. O Mrs. Tearshift your humble servant, pray where may I find my Lady my Wife? I have been looking all about the Garden, and han't the honour to meet her seriously.

Tear. O rare Mr. Deputy, there's Rods in pls for you i' faith.

Nicom. Nay prithee dear Mrs. Tearshift don't fright me now, seriously I stay'd but half an hour longer than I promis'd, I hope my Lady my wife is not angry, for I could not help it seriously.

Tear. Oh fye, your Gills look as red as a Turkey-Cocks, you are as fluster'd

as a New-Com-Poacher at a Sister's wedding. She'll be in a violent passion when she sees ye, and you know (like a silly man as you are) you are nothing in her hands when she's in a passion.

Nicom. That's true seriously; but have I no friend with her, that can hold her tack, and rail against the Government whilst I go and Cool a little.

Tear. Yes there's the Captain with her, as it happens; well, take it from me you are extremely oblig'd to that man, he has held her tack, upon your account, more than once to my knowledge.

Nicom. Ah the Captain's a very honest Gentleman.

Tear. See yonder they are coming down the walk together. Come, come in, and wash your face and hands, and Comb your head, and smug up your self a little.

Nicom. With all my heart, dear Mrs. *Tearshift*, for if she should fall into a passion, I were a lost man seriously. [Exit in haste.]

S Enter young Bragg new Equipt, and 2

L Lady Addleplot dress'd Flamingly *S*

2. Footmen.

La. Addle. Captain---*T. Bragg*:--Madam,

La. Addle. Did you visit all our Loyal friends in Newgate this morning, according to my order?

T. Bragg. Yes Madam, I was there a great while, I sat at the Treason-table there above an hour, they're all pretty hearty, they eat and drink well, Madam, only a little lousy, some of 'em.

La. Addle. Ay, that's nothing, Loyalty and Lice are Concomitant; and did you take care to present my humble service to that worthy person that bid the Government kiss his bruch--and tell him that I would do my self the honour to sup with him to night.

T. Bragg. Yes Madam, and for which he humbly thank'd your Ladyship, but sends ye word, that he is to be Engag'd.

La. Addle. What, he's crowded by our party I warrant.

T. Bragg. No, faith Madam, he was Crowded another way, for he was just going into the Cart to be hang'd.

La. Addle. Godfor, that was engaging him indeed--and did they hang that brave fellow? well, there will a time come I hope--when we shall hang in our turn too.

Enter Tearshift.

How now *Tearshift*, who's that within there?

Tear. Mr. *Deputy*, Madam, who being rashly coming before with a dirty face and hands, I reprehended and turn'd back to mundryfy.

La. Addle. Let him be lock'd into the Garret, de's hear, as formerly, and allow'd no meat till my order: what I the Duke is better'd I warrant.

Tear. He has drank a little too much indeed, Madam.

La. Addle. He shan't eat these three days if the very thought of him gives me the vapours; prithee give me my Spirit of Honour, Captain, some more a little, stand up strongly ye snubbing donk, of my Conscience the fellow began to bend in the hams already.

T. Bragg. Who I, Madam, gad I'm mistaken, I'm as strong as a horse.

La. Addle. Ye lye ye donk, a horse, ye lye ye Jackanapes, you shew'd your strength finely last night when you were Robb'd and lost your Hat and Peruke.

T. Bragg. What man could he hold, his, to have eight Ragges upon me at once, Madam, was a little hard.

Tear. Indeed Madam the Captain got well off as he did, for had they stript him, Lord bless us, they might have damag'd his out-wares Extremely.

L. Addle. Well Sir, you see I have equip'd ye again, and pray let me find your Services answerable; all Ladies of my house require to be serv'd well.

T. Bragg. I am thy *Alonzo*, my bright *Catherina*, always ready and perpetually devoted to thy command.

Tear. And well said Captain in troth.

L. Addle. Well Sir, there's something to encourage ye and I give you leave to frequent the Coffee-house [gives a piece] and Tavern now and then, provided you fall stoutly against the Government, and are sure to cry up me.

[Brag kisses her hand.]

T. Bragg. Madam, that's every day my whole business, you are thought the very heart of the grumbling faction, and the greatest Politician in the Town; The famous Lady *Addleplots* name is in every ones mouth, from the Secretary of State down to the Seller of Pippins.

Tear. Your Ladyship is thought a most admirable States-woman I must needs say.

L. Addle. Nay, I thank my Stars the Ladies stick close to me, the good women are most of 'em of my side, I thank 'em, especially the merry griggs that will drink a Bottle, all those are most Conscienciously Loyal, and do great good; besides I expect a swinging Rising in Kent suddenly, and then we shall fegue these Rebels:—my Lady *Stroddle* and I intend to go and head 'em, we have bought our Fuzees and Jack-boots already.

Tear. Oh Madam, here's the fine *French* Gentleman coming, that is such rare Company; that sings and dances and will let no one talk but himself.

Enter Le Prate and Nicompoop.

Bragg. And with him, Mr. *Deputy* new-wash'd and yellow'd; Lord, how Matrimony looks, Madam.

Le Prate. Madam, I was impatient till I was come to see your Ladyships fair hand.

L. Addle. Your Servant good Monsieur.

Le Prate. Your Servant Bire, and your most humble, prot *Metrelle* *Tear* the sheet, Madam, I must beg your Ladyships pardon, dat I have oblige a my self to make reconciliation between your Ladyship and Monsieur *Nicompoop* here, who is very sorry for disappointing your Ladyship and desires me to intercede for him.

L. Addle. He's a pitiful fumbling fellow, 'tis impossible for him to do otherwise then disappoint a Lady.

Le Prate. Nay, Madam I beseech your Ladyship.

L. Addle. Alas Monsieur, you are ignorant of his Crime, I had at least Six hundred Letters to finish, and should have sent him to as many places with 'em, and to have a Box to dare to talk me in State-affairs, Sir I'll make him know that I'll have the blood of him that shall balk me—

[Into the Garret I say.] [to Nicom.]

Nicom. Lord, she's bloody angry, what shall I do?

Le Prate. Dat is very great fault, but dear Madam hear a me speak.

L. Addle. A little fumbling Cui that I have married, and affronted my own Quality to do him honour, to dare to be absent when I had business for him.

[Exit Le Prate.]

Le Prate. I beseech your Ladyship, look he is dere upon his knee.

L. Addle. A frigid sop, that I have taken as much pains withall to make a man, as ever my first husband *Sr. Arthur Addlepter* did to make me a woman—
[Strikes her Face on her hand passionately.]

Nicom. Ah dear Captain, you have an Interest in her, here's an Oriental Pearl, pray try if that will qualify.

Bragg. Madam, the penitent offender offers Tribute, a Mediator from the *Indies* kisses your fair hand.

L. Addle. Ay, the fool Imagines this will do now, and truly I think Pearls are good against the Spleen,—but a careless fellow—d's life to me, I have no patience, I can hardly pass it o're; but for your sake Cousen, I'll once accept his Trifle, but if ever he balk me again, if there be a Cuckold in the Nation, you understand me Friend.

Nicom. I do, I do, and am overjoy'd that we are friends seriously.

Tear. This was manag'd rarely well; I vow my Lady's a woman of admirable parts.

Le Prate. Soe dis is ver well, all friends, all friends, and Monsieur let me tell you entre nous it will be ver reasonable for you hereafter to watch her Ladyships motions better, you have de ver great honour in her Conversation, I tell you dat.

Nicom. I have so seriously, and could even weep for Joy that we are reconcil'd.

Le Prate. She's the grand wit of all our Party, and so admir'd in *France*, dat I believe our great Monarch will in a little time make her President of his Council begar.

L. Addle. Oh dear Monsieur, indeed you honour me too much, but I know you have all the Secret from the Party, and pray what news last night *Monsieur*? when shall we have some sport? when will the *French fleet* come to an Anchor? ha.

Le Prate. Ah garson, I forgot to tell your Ladyship, dey are come already.

L. Addle. Are they come! Godssoe that's rare; I'll have a *banquet* as big as a Steeple, have they Landed? hah.

Le Prate. Morbleu twenty towland at least, brave valiant fellows, with resolution like Lyons. Dey have seare all de Country round, they have burn two or fowr of de Ancient Lofty Noble Thatch Cottage Morbleu dat ever was seen.

L. Addle. Rare news; *Towship*, get ready my Jack-boots.

Le Prate. Dey have attaque de Enimys Intrenchments, and have taken two or three hundred of the boldest, fattest, bravest.

L. Addle. Prisoners, humh, prisoners.

Le Prate. Sheep, Madam, sheep, my Cousen, men always take more sheep den Prisoner, dey are of better use, by much.

Enter Tearship.

Tear. Madam, here's a Messenger come from the Boarding-School, to Invite your Ladyship to the Ball, and to see your Ladyships Daughter dance her new Chaconne.

L. Addle. Oh with all my heart, come Gentlemen, we'll all go, this news has made me so pleasant, codsoe I could dance my self.

Nicom. And there we shall see my Daughter *Moll* dance too, who tho' she do's not dance so well Cousen, as her Ladyships Daughter, yet tho' I say't.

Brag. Who? that's my wife that must be.

Mom. As my Lady my Wife pleases, *Conceal.* *Moll* has scoop'd.
Brag. Ay, that's well enough.
Le. First. Come, Madam, sit down. [*Go to take Lady Addlepots hand.*
Brag. Will your Ladyship please to walk? [*and Brag takes her away from him.*
Le. First. Pox on your damn'd English breeding.
L. Adde. Two hundred Sheep: well, I swear this French Monarch is a pro-
 digious Conquerour. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

Le. First. *discovering Semibrief Teaching Miss Molly to Sing.* Then
Enter Young Merriton, Coopers, and Jenny dressed as a B& and appear a Trill
Song in one hand, and a great piece of Bread and Butter in t'other.

Cooper. Take heed your Actions don't discover ye. [*To Young Merriton.*
 you are taken here for a Dancing-Master.

T. Merv. I'll warrant ye, and if thou canst but bring me into the dear Creatures
 Apartment, all my remaining time of life shall study to requite the obligation.

Cooper. Not a word more, let me alone, follow me. [*Exeunt.*

Jenny. The Song I'll teach in the afternoon, in the mean time, Miss, practice
 the Trill: come, an ha an ha an an an ha. [*Trills.*

Molly. Aw aw aw aw aw. [*Trills awkwardly.*

Semib. A plague; what with your mouth full of bread and butter?—for shame
 empty your Chops *Miss*, there's a Trill for the Devil, so me here, an ha an ha an.

Molly. Aw aw aw aw. hum! [*Trills another piece.*

Semib. So, she has got her mouth full agen, well Miss *Molly*, but that I love
 ye very well, I assure ye I would not endure this: pray lay by the bread and
 butter, and practice the Trill, I'll step into the next room, and Teach a little,
 and be here again presently. [*Exit.*

Molly. Aw aw aw aw aw. hum hum. [*trills, and sits toge her.*

Here Coopers Re-enters, and Sings this Song to the Admure
that he is dancing with Jenny.

(1.)

Adake your Favour: *Moll*, shall loll loll,
 Now to me, Child, shall loll loll,
 Awry and easie now, shall loll loll,
 Very well done *Miss*, shall loll loll,
 Raise up your Body, Child, shall loll loll,
 Then you, in time, will rise: bob, shall, la.

(2.)

Hold up your head, *Miss*, shall loll loll,
 Wipe your Nose, Child, shall loll,
 When I press on ye, shall loll loll,
 Fall back easie *Miss*, shall loll loll,
 Keep out your toes too, shall loll loll,
 Then you'll learn perfectly, bob, shall, la.

(3.)

*Hear your hips Swimmingly, tholl loll loll,
 Keep your Eyes languishing, tholl loll loll,
 Zoons where's your Ears now? tholl loll loll,
 Leave off your Jerking, tholl loll loll,
 Keep your knees open, tholl loll loll,
 Else you will never do: ho tholl la.*

(4.)

*If you will love me Miss, tholl loll loll loll,
 You shall Dance rarely Childs, tholl loll loll,
 You are a Fortune Miss, tholl loll loll,
 And must be Married Child, tholl loll loll,
 Give me your Money Miss, tholl loll loll,
 Then I will give you my, hob tholl la.*

Fanny. Oh dear Mr. Coops, indeed I love you very well, and will do any thing you'd have, but pray let me go now, for I'm so hungry—

[Runs out.]

Coopy. The poor little Tit's as coming as heart can wish, I'm resolv'd to snap her, for I hear she's a Fortune, and worth while.

Enter Crowftich.

Crow. Jane, let the Buck-basket be got ready for the foul-cloaths, de'r hear? and bid the Landress take care to mend all the shifts; these great Ramping-girls do so tear their Linnen, it almost makes me wild.

Cooper. Your Servant Mrs. Crowftich.

Crow. How de'e Mr. Coops, and de'e hear, bid the Cook-maid cut a hundred and fifty pieces of Bread and Butter round the Loaf; these *Hoyden* tits have plague'e Stomachs.

Cooper. What is it breakfast-time with 'em already then?

Crow. Always at Nine a Clock, and they watch the hour as warily—as a Parson does his Glass when he is tired with Preaching; this is their Bread and Butter-days, and each of 'em has a full half-yard by Measure, of which if there were but an Inch wanting, the greedy things will cry they are half-starv'd, and complain to their Parents.

Molly. Aw aw aw aw aw aw hum— *[Trills, bites, and romps about.]*

Crow. There's one now, I vow and swear Mr. Coops, I am quite tir'd with that Romp there. Coming down Stairs this morning, what do you think I saw, I protest that great Bear there getting astride upon *John* the Gardeners back, as he was stooping down to gather a Sallet.

Coop. Ha ha ha ha—

[Exit Cooper.]

[Molly Romps about.]

Molly. What if I did? what then? what need you care? pray—aw aw.

Crow. But Faith gentlewoman, you shall be well lash'd for't, the Governess has a Clawing Rod a making—

[Claps her hand and Exits.]

Molly. Aw aw aw aw aw aw—

[Makes mouths at her.]

Enter Jenny with a large piece of bread and butter.

Jenny. Oh Sister, What did *John Gardner* do to you pray? oh law, oh law—

Molly. What's that to you, long Nose, oh law, oh law.

Jenny. My Governess will order ye the vows, and I'll tell my Mother on ye I'm resolv'd, she'll be here this afternoon.

Molly. And I'll tell my Father then how you peep'd upon Mr. *Coopee* t'other day, when he was going a Swimming. *[Romps and pushes her.]*

Jenny. Ay, tell tell Snotty-Nose, what care I, my Mother can order you, and my Father both pray; besides, *[pushes her]* Hussy, you peep'd as well as I, that you did.

Molly. Go, go Baby, and make Dirt-pyes again, my Father says, I shall have a Husband shortly pray.

Jenny. You—my Mother will bring me a Tall huge Husband home next week, and methinks I long for a Tall huge Husband, and I am to leave off my Bib and Apron too. *[bites her bread and butter.]*

Jenny. The Maids won't lye with you, you do, I know what, a Bed.

Molly. Oh law, that's a great lye, and I'll tear your Eyes out.

Jenny. Hussy, I'll pull your Head off. *[throws her bread and butter.]*

Molly. You shan't think to tell such Lyes on me to make Mr. *Semibrief* hate me, I'll tear ye alive first. *[they pull and ball one another.]*

Enter Crowfitch with a great Rod.

Crow. Rare work indeed; Come, Gentlewoman, the Governess would speak with ye.

Molly. Oh, oh, oh— *[bows out.]* *[leads her out.]*

Jenny. So, I'm glad on't ivads, she'll be lash'd Swingingly.

[Romps off another way.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Young Merriton, Mirtilla and Coopee.

Coopee. I'll go and act a Centry without, and if any body comes this way, shoot off my Piece, and give ye warning.

Y. Merr. Ah dear Rogue, I'm oblig'd to thee for ever. *[Exit Coopee.]*

Mirtill. The reverence I have to the very Name of my worthy Foster-Father Mr. *Merriton*, to whom you say you are related, and to whose virtue I stand Indebted, for all the Comforts of this life, makes me submit my self with more willingness to this your Importunity, else, Sir, believe me, I should think this lonely Visit very improper, and not at all concurring with my honour.

Y. Merr. Your honour is a thing, I would defend against a world of Enemies, then think not Sweet that I would willingly do any thing to blast it, I know this private Visit may be censur'd, but not whilst 'tis a Secret, as 'tis now, I had no other way to express my Love, and not to have done it, would have made me Miserable.

Mirtill. You imagine, Sir, that my Soul is Musical, and therefore treat me

me with that tuneful word ; but build not, Sir, too much upon my weakness, for though my heart is tender and unarm'd, and Love a bait most proper to deceive me, yet Virtue is a guard.

T. Merr. There needs no guard, Sweet Angel, against a Love so honourable as mine, the World is full of Treachery, and our Sex are brooding mischiefs daily against yours, but I, alas, am of another Mould ; my Soul, by fate, was design'd for your Slave ; my Heart still moves the narrow constant Road, in hopes, in yours, to find at last it's heaven.

Mirtill. Oh ! that bewitching Tongue would charm a Saint. [aside.]
You are not of the humour of the Town then : [to him.]

T. Merris. I hate the Town, and the vain Crowd are in it, the Bias'd Court and Mercenary City, were gorg'd with Ignorance and Luxury ; Wit is despis'd, the Sciences despis'd, and modest Merit mourns in Rags, its Fortune ; 'tis the Epitome of the nauseous World, whose Vices I, with such fell-hate pursue, that I love nothing near the Town but you.

Mirtill. In loving me, you doubly wrong your self ;
I have, Sir, not power to make return.

T. Mer. Your heart is sure your own.

Mirtill. Most certainly : but where I give a Heart, Ple give a Fortune, and that, alas ! my Niggard Stars deny me ; yet think not that I neglect an honest Love ; for to slight Merit were a baseness in me ; no, you shall find worth has a Friend of me, and shares my best acknowledgements and praise : you are a Man compleat, by Heaven and Nature, most qualify'd with Wit and rarest Arts, which, from my Soul, I always lov'd and honour'd, and therefore life that gains ye must be happy : but I, whilst stinted by Injurious fate, can bring no equal value, therefore must think ye a Jewel much too Rich for me to wear.

T. Mer. How near to Heaven is my present Joy, from that sweet mouth, to hear my self thus prais'd ? Oh thou dear source of all my worldly blessings, eternal Rapture charms me from thy Tongue, and, whilst I hear thee, I am deify'd ; to lose thee, were Damnation so Infallible, I question whether there could be a greater. [kisses and Embraces her.]

Mirtill. Nay, Rise Sir, or you'll make me die with blushing.

T. Merr. Ah ! make me happy then, and give consent.

Mirtill. To what ?

T. Merr. To Marriage ; to perform, sweet Angel, that blessed work thou wert Created for.

Mirtill. Ah, Poverty and Marriage never suit.

T. Merr. Thou hast all *Cæsar's* Treasure in thy Virtues, and I in gaining thee shall be far Richer.

Mirtill. You think so now ; but when wants make me troublesome, then you'll Upbraid and Chide me.

T. Merr. Ah, never, never : Can I chide my Genius for making my days happy ?

Mirtill. I can be Constant, Sir ; therefore have patience, Fortune may change, and give to one or t'other the Power to oblige.

T. Merr. A cursed Fortune ; still to Justice blind ;
Averse to Merit, but to Ideots kind.

Then Misers Darling, and trills of the Brave,
 Niggard to the Poor, but to the Rich a Slave:
 How nearly happy all Mankind would be,
 These Mankind's Common-Whore, were not for thee?
 How now---

Enter Cooper hastily.

Coop. Come, come, give him your hand quickly, here's *Crowsitch* the Teacher coming, you must dance for your Liberty now Sir.

Enter Crowsitch with a Night-rag.

Crow. Madam, pray do's this Implement belong to you or to *Miss Scatterwater*? yonder Laundry Wench will sue me down, that--Bless me, who's here?
 [sees Mer.] how now Mr. *Semibrief*--who's that there in the Ladys quarters?

[folds up the sheet hastily.]

Coop. A Brother Hop-Merchant of mine, Mrs *Crowsitch*, that I brought here to help to teach a little, having a lame leg.

[Mer. bows, and dances awkwardly.]

Crow. Come, come, you'll be wanted now in the Dancing-Room, there's my Lady *Addleplot* come already, and a great deal of good Company.

Coop. Odsloe we must make hast then, for there's to be singing, besides the Entertainment of a young *Indian* Lady:

A new Boarder that is to Dance.

Mirtill, Sir, you'll remember to teach me the new *Chacane*.

[smiling on Merrit.]

Y. Mer. Any thing that's mine Madam.

Exeunt

SCENE II.

The Dancing-Room.

In the Front appears several of the Boarders, as Seated for the Ball; and on the side of the Stage others sitting as Spectators; among the rest L. Addleplot, Tearflint, L. Strodde, and other Ladies, and on the middle of the Stage Le Prate, Y. Bragg, and Semibrief.

Le Prate. Ah *Yernie*, vat a filthy place is this, when compare vid our School in *France*, no Decorum, no Ornament, no Fresco, begar metink it stink alike a de Kitchin of de Lord Mawor--or the hold of a Ship begar.

Semib. Ah Sir, our Noses are not so Nice here in *England*.

Le Prate. Dat is as much as thy, you are all Sloven in *England*; gazoon, your *Jante* French Dancing-Master, all wear perfume, and cover them all over, vid rare Pulvile to take away de dangerous ill Ayre. Ugh--ugh,--oh fogh, tis intolerable.

Enter Crowsitch with Miss Jenny, holding a Wincowk Baby in a Glass.

Mirtill, Y. Merriton, and Goopee--Miss Jenny asks Blessing.

L. Addle. Bless ye, Bless my good Child, and make her a good woman,
 and

and the mother of many Children: I think she's grown since I saw her last Mrs. *Crowstich*.

Crow. Mightily, Madam, mightily; would she would grow in grace as much.

L. Addle. Lord save her, pretty Moppet, hold up your head *Jenny*, and go and make a Courtesy to my *Lady Strodde*.---

L. Strod. Your servant pretty *Miss*---Indeed Madam, [*Kisses her*] as your Ladyship says, she's grown extreamly, *Miss*, you are almost fit for a husband already; hah Child.

Miss Jen. Hoh, hoh, hoh, hoh---- [*laughs, and makes a Courtesy ridiculously*.

Crow. Fye *Miss Jenny*, where are your hands now? have I not told ye, you must remember to put 'em thus always; when you make a Courtesy?

[*Miss Courtesys again*.

L. Addle. That's my good Girl; *Monsieur Le Prat*, and Cozen Bounter, you don't see *Miss* and her fine work here.

Le Prat. Madam, I beg your Ladyships pardon, and I am your most Obedient Slave pret *Miss*.---

[*Kisses her, and she Courtesys*.

T. Brag. Dear Sweet Pretty Creature, your's:-- [*Kisses her*.

L. Strod. Well, I vow Madam, these Nudities are very Ingenious; the Child is Extravagantly well bred.

Le Prat. Monsieur Coopee, a word with you.

[*Prat goes aside, and makes motions as if dancing*.

Semibr. Here comes the t'other Romp that I told ye was so fond of me, I have hopes of getting her, for they say she's a swinging fortune.

[*Enter. Nicompoop and Molly*.

T. Mer. Which on my Conscience will be no hard matter for thee to Com-
pass.

Semibr. I hope so, I'll try:--

Nicom. Come *Molly*, wipe thy eyes Child, I'll take thee away from 'em to morrow; they shall whip thee no more seriously---

[*weeps*,

Molly. Ugh, ugh, ugh, ugh---

[*Sobs and makes faces*.

Nicom. Go and ask my Lady my Wife blessing, and then come to me again, de'e hear *Molly*:--that's a good girl.

T. Brag. This is my wife that is to be, if my Lady can bubble the old Cuck-
old to give consent: d'heart

[*Molly goes and asks blessing, and then*

what shall I do with it, 'tis a meer Baby? [*rises up and runs to her Father*.

L. Addle. Fogh, my Lady *Strodde*, did your Ladyship ever see such a Nause-
ous thing? 'tis so like the Father.

L. Strodde. Her face has Mr. *Deputys* Clumsie Out indeed Madam:

Le Prat. All dis, Monsieur Coopee I can shew you in less time den one half
hour--tah tah---I have two tre hundre of de most admirable French step--hark
you me, I will tell a you in four words.

Coopee. Four words Sir, you have spoke above four thousand in less than a
minute. I can hear no more, I must beg your pardon, I must go teach.

[*goes out from him*.

Le Prat. Monsieur *Merriton*, did you ever see such a dam English Puppy? I tell
you vat Sir:

[*Le Prat makes motions as in*

T. Merriton. And briefly too, Sir or else---

[*Earnest discourse*.

T. Brag. And did the Governess whip her, say ye Sir? Why this is Barba-
rous, but yet I see she's pretty brisk for all her Jerking.

Nicom. Brisk, nay, the Girl is mettled to the back seriously, but I'll take her to Morrow I'm resolv'd, they shall jerk no Child of mine, if it must be done, I'll have the jerking her my self.

Drag. Well said Mr. Deputy, 'ds heart what a thing of a Spouse shall I have?
Enter Coopse with Guitars.

Jenny. Oh here's dear Mr. Coopse,--Sir, your most humble Servant.

Coopse. Yours dear Miss, I have brought your Guittar here, and harkee, you'll be sure to be rerdy to morrow to get out as we have contriv'd

Jenny. Yes I warrant ye, and you shall see I'll do it so Cunningly.

[*Aside.*]

L. Addle. Oh *Jenny* has got her Guittarr, pray look upon her, Madam, there's an Ayre, there's a shape, there's an Ingenious look; fogh, t'other awker'd Ramp makes me sick.

Le Prat. De deevil take a me if in the space of half an hour *Monsieur Meriton*, I would not have tell a dat Ignorant English Puppy all dis, and hark you I vill tell you one ting more---

T. Mer. No more *Monsieur*, not a word upon my faith, I am almost deaf already, besides, I must see the Dance.

[*flings away from him.*]

Le Prat. Dis is ver strange dey vill no hear me speak begar.

Here the Romps perform a Ridiculous dance with Guittars out of Tune.

L. Addle. Very fine, upon my honour, those Guittars agree with the dance admirably--- hold up your head *Jenny*,

L. Stroddie. And gives 'em a delicate Ayre, Madam, oh 'tis extream fine.

T. Mer. The Devil it is, gad a half-tub Strung with Packthread is better Musick by half.

Enter Jiltal in an Indian habit, and Oyley.

Le Prat. Zoon who is dis I see my dear Sweet pret Metresse Betty in disguise, I must know vat dis mean

[*goes and whispers Oyley.*]

T. Meriton. Oh yonder's the Sham-Indian Heiress; the Rogue *Amorous* I see has drest her rarely.

[*Here Jiltal Dances.*]

[*Then the Scene shuts out the rest.*]

Le Prat. Jernie Metresse Oyley, you ravish me to tell me dat your Lady came in disguise to entertain me.

Oyley. 'Tis most Certainly so Sir, you are most extreamly in her favour, this was a fit of Jealousy in her to find what Lady you hanker'd after:--- I find the Fool has money now.

[*Aside.*]

Le Prat. Jealousy begar is as true a sign of Love as huffing is of Cowardice, ah garzoon I languish, I dye, for her, dear Metresse Oyley can you tink I may Enter de fort of her favour for one hundred Guinny.

Oyley. A 100 Guinnys, ay, any fort in Christendom, *Monsieur* assure your self.

Le Prat. Begar here dey are den, but where, how shall I kiss her fair hand Dear Sweet Charming Mertesse Oyley.

[*shows a purse.*]

Oyley. The Frenchman's as hot as if he were Boombing a fort in good Earnest---well, have patience a little *Monsieur*, and by and by---I'll bring you a Note---

[*for your Money you French Fool*]

[*Aside.*]

Le Prat. Aw I understand a you---mum---

L. Strodd

L. Strod. The Captain has a great many taking Qualities I perceive Madam; Pray Sir what Country-man are ye?

T. Brag. If I should speak truth now, and tell her, My Mother was a Sinner-wench, and that I was whelp'd in the *Mews* Duughil, how my Lady will be surpriz'd [*Aside.*] Madam, my Native Country was *Arabia Felix*; my Father was a very near Relation to *Prester John*; The *Bouncers* of *Affrica* are the Ancient'st Family in the World: Madam, for my own part, thirsting after Glory, I left my Country to assist at the late memorable Siege of *Buda*; where I stood upon the Breach, just by the Governour, at the Storming of the Town; I saw him fall, and narrowly Scap'd my self: after which action, acquainting my self with a famous *English* Officer, one Collonel *Bragg*, I came over hither, where I soon learnt the Language, and had the honour to Ingratiate my self with her most noble Ladyship.

Le Prat. Oh dat is certain, de Bounfers be ver great Family in *France* too.

[*Oyley comes and gives Le Prat, a Note in an Orange.*]

Y. Mer. The *Lyers* indeed are a great Family all the World over: now, rather than not prate at all with that *French* Fool, joyn with t'other in his monstrous vanity.

[*to Coopce.*]

Coop. If he's neither Singing, Dancing, nor Prating, you may conclude a *French-Man* dead at any time.

Enter Nicompoop, and Molly crying.

Nicom. Oh Cozen, as I was standing at the door, just now, who should come by but that old sawcy *Granadeer*, who had the Impudence to affront ye so yesterday; I told him you are within here, and that you would have him Whipt; and seriously, what does the old *Rascal* do, but gave me a huge Box o'th' Ear, call'd you a Thousand Sons of Whores, kickt *Molly*, beat two of my Lady's Footmen that took my part, and is just now forcing his way in hither seriously, O Lord!

T. Brag. D'sheart, what shall I do? this is my old dog of a Father, now shall I be disgrac'd for ever.

Enter Old Bragg Fighting with two Footmen.

Y. Merriton, and Le Prate part 'em.

Le Prat. Jernie--vat is de meaning of dis fa, fa, vat a Plague do you do?

O. Brag. Let me go, and I'll beat the Rogues into Paste.

Y. Mer. What's the matter Friend?

O. Brag. Oh! are you there Sirrah?

[*runs to Y. Brag.*]

What, you threate to have me Whipt, de'e? you Prodigal Son of a Whore--- Harkee dogbolt, Who am I? hah!

Y. Brag. The Devil, I think, I'me sure y'are as great a plague to me,

[*Aside.*]

I must face him down with Impudence; there's no way else---- What art thou mad old Fellow? Who would'st thou speak with? hah!

O. Brag. Mad old Fellow, here's an Impudent *Rascal*; What, you have forgot me, Rogue, have ye! but I'll rub up your Memory presently:---

[*Offers to draw, Merrit. holds him.*]

Y. Merr. Why how now old Armour of proof, De'e know to whom you give this Language? the Gentleman's a Captain.

O. Brag. Why let him be a Collonel, he's my Son, and Ple call him as many Rogues and Rascals as I please.

Y. Brag. Would I had been the Son of a Coach-horse.

[*Aside.*

Y. Mer. Thy Son, hah, hah, hah, this is pleasant i' faith; art thou the stock of the Ancient Family of the *Bouncers* of *Africa*? ha, ha, ha, ha —

L. Prat. De Fellow has not bin bred in *France*, dat I'm sure.

Y. Brag. Hark'e Sir, I'm Courting a young Lady here, that has Six thousand pound Fortune, follow my directions, and recover my Credit, and you shall have half.

[*To Old Brag.*

O. Brag. Six thousand Pounds---

Y. Brag. Every farthing Sir; 'tis she yonder that stands by the old Gentleman.

O. Brag. And shall I have half, *Neddy*?

[*Altering his Tone.*

Y. Brag. You shall; therefore own your self to be Colonel *Brag*, an Acquaintance of mine at the Siege of *Buda*, and let me alone for the rest.

O. Brag. Why, this is fair now *Neddy*? now you don't abuse and slight your old Father, you are a good Boy---Three thousand Pounds! Gad Zooks! 'tis enough to make me a Colonel indeed.

Y. Brag. Mind your Cue; Ha, ha, ha, ha: Come, dear Colonel, 'tis enough with thee leave off thy Joking, I see my Lady is surprized at it. Why, Madam, Gentlemen, this was nothing but a Jest all this while; this is my dear Friend Colonel *Brag* that I met withall at *Buda*---

O. Brag. Yes, Madam, I am Colonel *Brag*; and, as the Captain says, we met together at *Buda*.

Y. Mer. Methinks your Habit is not very like a Colonel, Sir.

L. Prat. I ernie de ver, resemblance of de *English* nasty foot Granadeer.

Y. Brag. Oh, a Jest, a Jest, the Colonel has often these Frolicks, to come abroad in a Disguise; he has some Design in this now I warrant.

L. Addle. I warrant he is a Colonel o'th' wrong side, by his beating my Footmen; the Rebels all know my Livery, and have a spite at it; and therefore pray tell him, Cozen, I care not for such Roysters Company.

Y. Brag. Sir, you'd do well to humour my Lady a little in her way, she's a great Stickler against the Government.

O. Brag. What, you'd have me speak Treason, would you ye Rogue? and so hoist my self to the Gallows before I'm aware.

Y. Brag. Would thou wert hoisted there Fifty Cubits high: D'sheart, this old Scoundrel will discover all yet, I see his awkward Carriage. [*Aside.*

L. Addle. A Filthy Beast! Come, Madam, let's leave him, and go and give order for our Bonfire. Madam, are your Ladyship's Jack-Boots ready.

L. Strod. They were liquor'd this Morning, Madam; I'm ready in a minute!

L. Addle. Mr. Alderman, Come, let's go; Cozen *Bouncer*, come you away too from the Old Rebel, I have occasion to use ye.

Y. Brag. I'll wait on ye, Madam. Meet me at the Magpy-Tavern at Nine.

[*To O. Brag.*]

O. Brag. Enough, Ple come, Gentlemen, Good buy.

[*Exit O. Brag.*

Y. Mer. Oh, your Servant, Colonel *Musquet*; ha, ha, ha, I will know the bottom of this Cheat I'm sure, and to effect it, thou shalt go and invite 'em to a Glass of Wine with me to-morrow.

Coopce. That old fellow is certainly a Counterfeit; but what is t'other? Is he really a Captain?

Y. Mer. No more than thou art a General: 'Tis the Common Title now-a-days.

days for all the Bullies, Shop-lifts, Robbers, Pimps, Panders and Rakehels about the Town; and that Tall Fellow that can but get a Red-Coat on's Back, is dubb'd a Captain; but prithee let's go, whilst the Monsieur is busy yonder, for fear he should thrust himself upon us; and dear Rogue, procure me but another Meeting to Morrow with *Mirtilla*, and then I'm thine for ever.

Coopée. I'll do what I can, but you may thank your Dancing Faculty.

[*Exeunt Mer. and Coopée.*]

Le Prat. Jernie, heer be de very pret Fancy, a Shenly Orange vid de Billet Doux wrap in it; ha, ha, ha, let me see now vat it say: Ha! --- 'Tis from my deer sweet Mrs. *Betty*, Begar---I'll go into the Garden and Read it, for I see here comes more Company.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Rakehel, Amorous, and Jiltall, in a Rage.

Jiltal. Patience! Talk not to me of Patience, Mr. *Amorous*, I will have Justice.

Amor. You shall, Madam, you shall.

Jiltal. I'll have him hang'd, I'll make a Parliament-business of it, I'll make him an Example to all Villanous cheating Guardians; I'll mount him, and it cost me half the Estate.

Rakehel. This is a very *Indian Devil*.

Amor. 'Tis well she's ignorant who you are, Sir; for she has such a Devilish Spirit, that, Gad, if she knew, she'd go near to tare ye to pieces.

Rake. The very Issue of a Dragon; Gadzooks, I'm afraid to come near her.

Jiltal. Would I had the Villain here, I'd tear his Throat out with these Fingers, I'd chop him into more pieces than ever *Medea* did her Brother *Absirtus* in Story: What say you, Sir? Would not you help me to murder the Villain, hah? ---

Rakehel. O yes, Madam; I'd have a Leg or an Arm of the Rascal if he were here.

[*Trembling.*]

Jiltal. A Treacherous bloody kidnapping Villain, hah, Sir!

Rakehel. Oh, a Rogue, a Rogue, a very Rogue!

Jiltal. Oh that this Dagger were in his Hearts blood.

Rakehel. He were right serv'd if it were, Madam. [S'bud, How I tremble.]

Jiltal. But the Gallows shall perform the Work more decently; therefore Mr. *Amorous*, if you have any Love for me, as you profess, lose not a minut's time in the Prosecution; you know the Witnesses are all ready, and want nothing but a Summons; I think the Law cannot fail to do me right in so notorious an Abuse; but if it should, I swear by *Mars*, *Apollo*, *Venus*, *Mercury*, and all the Powers of Fire, Air, Earth and Water, rather than let my Cause be left in the Lurch, I'll stab him, tho I do it in the Church. [Exit.]

Rakehel. Ay, there I would give thee leave, for I never come into one; but that's all one on my Conscience, this Fury will be the Death of me one way or other.

Amor. Certainly, Sir; For to say Truth, she has often a mad Fit takes her, and then she fears neither God, Man, nor the Devil; she got it by drinking Brandies, and Hot Waters in the *Indian* Sir.

Rakehel. Well Cozen, I see I must depend upon thee---What relief, hah?

Amor. Why, Sir, to shew what a Value I have for ye, and what Care for your Reputation, make up the Estate of Seven hundred a Year that I sold ye.

ye, a Thousand, and settle it upon me, and I'll instantly marry her, and give you a Discharge for all the rest.

Rakebel. Well, well, I'll do't Nephew, I'll do't; for if I should carry it against her by Law, I shall never carry my own Gun in quiet an hour after; she'll have her Dagger amongst 'em before I'm aware.

Amor. Ay Sir, besides the Disgrace of Kidnapping you know.

Rakebel. Ay, 'tis time; but, Mum for that, good Nephew; thou knowest all Flesh is frail, and 'twas a shrewd Temptation: Go, go, and get the Writings ready, and I'll Seal to Morrow: But prithee when thou hast Married her, keep her within doors; for, Gadzooks, I had rather eat a Fricassly of Souls with *Belzebub*, than meet her in my Dish again. [Exit *Rakebel*.

Re-enter Jiltall.

Jilt. Ha, ha, ha, ha-----Is he gone?

Amor. And most damnably frightened, what betwixt the shame of being taken for a Kidnapper, and his own Cowardly Apprehensions of being Murdered, he's e'en out of his Wits; the business is done, ye little Devil, the Writings are going to be drawn for a Thousand a Year, and he's to Seal to Morrow.

Jiltal. Ah, dear Dog, I am glad on't for thy sake, I vads *Jacky*; and I think I acted to the Life.

Amor. Rarely, Rarely, and thy Settlement shall fare ne're the worse for't; it may chance to swell to Five Hundred a year now, ye dear Devil you. [Kisses her.

Jilt. No, indeed, sweet Blood, that's too much I'm afraid, you'll think I'm mercenary, *Jacky*; Mrs *Strikeup*, Sir *Thomas Rental's* Mistress, 'tis true, has Five Hundred a year; but, for my part, my dear Honey, sweet Puppy-face, thou art so Charming, I can love thee without e're a Groat.

Amor. Ah! dear *Betty*, I love thee so entirely, that I think I can never do enough for thee: Prithee let's go and be private a little, shall we?

Jilt. Not now, dear *Jacky*, there's the Governess, and some other Boarders in my Chamber, who expect me at Supper, but to morrow my Hony-suckle Rogue I'll be thine all day---till when, my little dear sweet Apes Face, adieu--- Ah Sirrah, I'm too fond of thee. [Strokes and kisses him, and Exit.

Amor. Well, go thy ways, if all thy Charming Sex had Souls like thee, despising base Confinement, and wore thy constant kind endearing humour, in what a forlorn state were Matrimony! A Wife! Why is she not the best of Wives, that love me, that pleases and indulges my desires, and all still upon honour, without force, and this, dear *Betty*, is thy Character.

Marriage the product of Convenience is,
'Tis Love, with freedom, brings the truest Bliss.

Enter Le Prat from the Garden.

Le Frat. Ha, ha, ha, ha---

Amor. How now, what makes this French Puppy here grinning? so Monsieur, you are very merry, I see.

Le Frat. Merry! ay begar, I have de ver good reason too, if you knew all---dis Lettera dat you see here make me de most happy person in de whole World, begar.

Amor. A Letter! what from some young thing here I warrant, that's smitten with thy airy parts; come prithee---discover, thou knowest I am thy friend, art stealing a Fortune here? hah---

Le Prat

Le Prat. Dam Fortune, she's a blind Bawd dat obliges none, but Fool begar; dis intreague is beyond all de Fortune in de World, which because you are de Man of Honour I will communicate; you must know den dat here is great Beauty in dis Town dat goes by the name of Madam Jiltal.

Amor. Ha, Jiltal!-----

Le Prat. A rare Creature, both for de Shape, de Wit, de Beanty, and every ting dat is incomparable.

Amor. So, Sir.

Le Prat. Now you must know dat at intreaguing is de very soul of the French, and my self being always great Admirer of dat Gallantry, I have endear my merit so much in her Favour, by de Song, de Fiddle, de Present, and oder ting shall be nameless, dat she came yesterday hither in an Indian habit to meet me.

Amor. To meet you---

Le Prat. Yes, begar, ha, ha, ha, vas not vat pretty frolick, hah, for you must know dat we have sometime met together in oder place before now.

Amor. Damnation! What does this Rascal mean [*Aside.*] This must be my Betty, it can be no other---So, Sir, and that Letter is from her, is it?

Le Prat. Just now sent to invite me to her private Chamber, where dere is de Bed, and Couch, and Chair and all oder convenience; ah, 'tis full of de most tender obliging expression dat ever vas writ; dere, read, you shall find she has great deal of Wit---she's ver fine person, ma foy.

Amor. Hell take me if it be not her own Character! Oh patience!

[*Reads the Letter.*]

Your Merits, dear Sir, have so won upon my heart that I can no longer defer your desire; therefore you may come, if you please, by the Back Garden up Stairs into my Apartment; for I'm oblig'd to stay here to night upon some urgent occasion; now is your time, and to endear ye more, know that I intend to feign my self sick to a young passionate Fool that loves me and waits for admittance, to possess the greater Pleasure of enjoying your sweet Company.

Le Prat. Ay, dat Fool, dat Fool, de turning away of dat fool dat wait, please me most of all---ha, ha, ha, vat tink you? Hah, is not she an Angel?

Amor. A down right Devil.

Le Prat. Deevle! who, who, Jernie, vat are you tinking on? Oh you are surpris'd at her Wit are you? ha, ha, ha, vel begar, I believe she has the richest brain in all England, ma foy, and is assuement the greatest.

Amor. Jilt in Europe, by Heaven! Oh---Confound her, is all [*Stamps*] the Vows and fondness come to this?-----Ah dear Merriton now I confess my Blindness and thy Judgment.

Le Prat. Hey! Vat a Diable is de matra? nay, nay, if you be mad, come give me de Lettra, and let me go, for I long to be embracing de dear, dear ravishing Creature dat stay for me.

Amor. Why then let me tell you, Monsieur Rantipol tanto, you shall not have her Letter, nor shall you go to her neither.

Le Prat. Hey morbleau, vat time of the Moon is dis,--vat you mean Monsieur?

Amor. Why, I mean to signifie to ye Monsieur, that this Charming Angel of yours has been my Whore this seven years; I settled an Estate upon her in 87, carried her to Flanders in 88, and spent two thousand pounds upon her in 89, brought her over with me in 90, and now this present year find my self jilted, and resolve a Revenge, therefore consent to quit all pretensions to her instantly, or draw.

Le Frat. Draw, dis is very fine begar, I come heeder to make love, and you will force me to make War, but it never shall be say dat a *Frenchman* desert his Mistress, or his Intreague---Come on Monsieur, sa, sa.

[Leaps, backward, and fences at a distance.

Amor. A Plague, what you are dancing a Galliard, are ye?--- Come, I'll shew ye an English step, Sir,

[Presses in, fights, and disarms him

Le Prat. Gazoon, vat dam Fortune is dis? I have shame my Country---begar, dis is de first time dat ever de *French* were foil'd.

Amor. Oh, Sir, you are ill read in History I find; come, there's your Sword agen, you see I scorn to make you beg your Life; therefore in return of Honour, fail not to meet me here to morrow at this time; I have business with ye-----

Le Frat. Begar, you are ver brave Fellow, therefore I'll come; and dee hear, Monsieur, when ever our great Monarch come and conquer your Country, de Devil take a me, but I will do as much for you.

Amor. Oh, I thank ye Sir.

Le Prat. Dis is ver brave Fellow, ma foy, but a Plague of his dam English step for all dat.

[Exit Le Prate.

Amor. And now to ruminate on my Revenge,
And right my self in this strange turn of Fortune;
For oh, I lov'd this Jilt beyond my Reason,
Wounded my heart a fresh, and every night
Fancied I had the first sweet budding Nofegay,
When every Flower was common in the Market.

Suppose I poison, or I strangle her,
Why, I send her to th' Devil, my self to th' Gallows.

What satisfaction! Suppose I trade with some of her Aunts the Bawds, and get the Pox, and give it her, why then the Venom of her own Nature will relieve it; and I alone am wretched, or should I cut her into little Morsels, like a true Serpent, every part would live, and every part would joyn agen to sting me. No, I have it, the Purse is the Whores mortal part, I'll stab her there.

Learn this by me, you that desert kind Wives,
And with this cursed Tribe debauch your Lives;
For Gold you gain a thousand Sweets and Dears,
But cease to pay, and then the Punk appears.

[Exit.

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV. SCENE I. A Tavern.

Enter Y. Meriton, and Amorous.

Y. Mer. **T**O laugh at thee is not like a Friend, and to rail at her would be to no purpose: I only hope thou wilt value my Judgment another time, and in the present Juncture, make a good use of this lucky discovery.

Amor. I warrant thee, thou shalt as much value me for my discretion now, as thou didst formerly wonder at me for my strange stupidity, but yet by Heaven it shocks my very Nature to think such barbarous ingratitude could injure such true Love.

Y. Mer. That Love was rather a Disease in thee than otherwise, thou

hadst a Callenture, and thy strange madness muffled her jilting mischiefs from thy Eyes.

Amor. Damn'd Mercenary Whore.

Y. Mer. Oh fie! How canst thou rail at a poor Creature for acting of her kind. A Whore and Jilt are Boot and Spur, the one depends on t'other, and 'tis unreasonable to expect a separation; and if thou thinkest thy Wit or Love could make her constant, thou art weaker still; for a Whore has no Love but what depends on Appetite; the courtest Food often goes down the best, and is just like one invited to an excellent Treat, yet is not satisfied, nor thinks himself well entertained, unless after all you let him take a nasty Pipe of Tobacco.

Drawer within. Half a Flask in the King's Arms, Score.

Amor. How near the cursed Nature of the Devil is such a nauseous Creature? Yet such there are I find.

Enter Drawer.

Sir, there's a Gentleman below desires to speak with ye.

Y. Mer. Oh, 'tis Coopee; go and send him up, Sirrah. [Exit Drawer.]
I employ'd him, Jack, about a pleasant Discovery of the Colonel and Captain I told thee of----Well, what now Tom?

[Enter Coopee.]

Coopee. They are coming, Sir; and 'twill make you laugh to see in what a strange Romantick Dress the old sham-Colonel's in now; he looks just like the old Picture of *Giddeon* in the Hangings, and struts as if he were newly come from lapping at the River.

Y. Mer. I'm resolved to find out the Trick now; and if thou canst get the Romp and the Six Thousand Pounds, thou dost thy self a Profit, me a Pleasure.

Amor. What, the Rogue is stealing one of the Kitlins from the Boarding-School, is he?

Coopee. Faith, Sir, I think you have nicked it, for all she can do yet is to Purr and Mew a little, she is not come to her Scratching. But there has a plaguy Accident hapned since I saw you last.

Y. Mer. What, Prithee? a discovery of any thing?

Coopee. All, all, Faith; and the business is this moment in Agitation; that damn'd Witch *Cromstick* has told the Governess that I used to cram the Girl with Almonds and Reasons, and when I taught her to Dance, kiss her between every Step, upon which Mr. Deputy and my Lady are sent for this Afternoon; for my part, I was discarded presently: but to shew ye that I have play'd my Game very well, just as I was going out of Door, the poor young Fool follow'd, and pretending to give me a Song-book, pinn'd this Note to the first leaf, ha, ha, ha----Here, you may read it if you can, for she does but just scrawl, and spells worse than a Town-Whore in *Billet-doux*.

Y. Mer. Reads the Letter:

If you lose me as you portend, and will marro me, and let me go abroad to eat Comsturd and Chesscock as often as I please, I will lose you better than my Father, and will come to you out at the Balconey in the Jurdain at Eight a Clock just after we have Soot. I am, sweet Mr. Coopee, your true Friend, Jenny Addleplot.
Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Amor. Ha, ha, ha, ha, One that never knew it, might swear that Letter came from a Boarding School by the Lofe and Butzer that's in't.

Y. Mer. So, why this goes very well, hab, and thou intendest to be at the do'st not.

Coopee. Most punctually : For I hear my Lady intends to match her to this Coxcomby Captain that's coming hither, but I'll prevent her Faith, I'll about it instantly. [Exit Coopee.]

Y. Mer. Oh, here comes the Colonel--- Now for the Discovery.

Enter O. Brag. *ridiculously dress'd like an Antick Officer,* and *Y. Brag.* with him.

Y. Brag. Now, Sir, be sure you don't discredit your self, but remember you are a Colonel still.

O. Brag. Sirrah, hold your Tongue, and leave off your sawey Instructions, or as I am a true Granadeer

Y. Brag. O Lord, O Lord, a Granadeer already !

O. Brag. A true Colonel I mean, Sirrah, I will swinge you incessantly.

Y. Mer. Oh Colonel, your most humble Servant, and Captain yours ;----- Pray know my Friend here. [They salute.]

O. Brag. Gentlemen, I am your Worm to tread upon, the Lappet of your Shooe, your Slave of Slaves, and shall be proud to serve you, whether in the Celler, the Kitchen, or the Stable.

Y. Brag. So now he talks like a Groom, a Tapster, and Scullion---I shall be undone.

Y. Mer. Oh, you debase your self too much, Colonel, for so great an Officer, performing such an Action as yours at the Siege of *Buda*, qualifies ye to be a General to some great Monarch.

Amor. Pray, Colonel, how is their Method of Fortification at *Buda*?

O. Brag. *Buda*, Sir !

Y. Brag. Ah, he's foundred already : Disheart ; Sir, own you have an ill Memory presently, or you'll spoil all. [Aside.]

O. Brag. I've a very ill Memory Gentlemen, I hope you'll excuse me.

Y. Brag. Tell em you hurt your brain by catching a great Cold with lying in the Winter-Trenches in *Hungary*.

O. Brag. Why, when was I in *Hungary*, Sirrah ? This Rogue crams so many Lies into my Mouth together, that, Gadzooks, 'tis a pain to me to know which I shall get out first. [Aside.]

Amor. You must needs be able to give a good Account of the famous Transaction at *Buda*, Sir : Come, pray let's hear.

Y. Brag. Say yes, yes Sir, and I'll help ye out. [Aside to O. Brag.]

O. Brag. Yes, yes Sir, at least the Captain here can, if I can't. Go and manage your Lie your self, ye Dog, I'm almost choak'd. [Aside to Y. Brag.]

Y. Brag. We were both drawn out, Gentlemen, in the Detachment that receiv'd the Assault ; the Colonel here, I must needs say, behav'd himself more like a Lion than a Man. And for my own part, I escap'd by Miracle ; I fought on Foot three Hours by the Clock, when above twelve Great Field-Pieces play'd at me all the while as thick as Hail ; I had the Honour to Horse the King of *Poland* twice, lent my own Sword to the Duke of *Bavaria* when he was in Distress ; and at last, with a Clapper of a Bell, which a swinging *Turk* that I had just before kill'd, had us'd instead of a Battle-Ax, fought through their Vantguard, and came off safe in spite of 'em.

Y. Mer. A Clapper of a Bell ! Why Captain, there are no Bells in *Turkey*.

Amor. No, Captain, no---The *Turks* never use any Bells or Clappers neither.

Y. Brag. Ah plague of my head! Nonsense, what shall I say now ? [Aside.]

I help the Rogue off at a dead lift.

[Aside.]

Amor. What, that the *Turks* use Bells, Colonel Coddlebrain,

O. Brag. The *Turks*, No, no: But you must know that the Captain there was formerly Prentice to a Black-smith, and brought the Clapper along with him.

Y. Mer. Oh, that may be indeed. Your Servant, Noble Captain.

Amor. Much. I do ye with your Clapper, worthy Captain.

O. Brag. Ah, Pox of your Plain-dealing---I'm disgrac'd for ever now: What do you mean by this Colonel, when was I Prentice to a Black-smith, hah!

[Kicks him.]

O. Brag. When? Why, what a damn'd shallow Brain hast thou: Why, wert not thou Prentice to Old *George Grimble* when I sold Brandy and Tobacco by the Church-wall at *Antwerp*, just the Winter before I list'd my self a Granadeer.

Y. Mer. A Granadeer!

Y. Mer. Ah the Devil! now all's out, and nothing can retrieve it.

Amor. No, no, a Granadeer: He list'd himself a Colonel, I warrant; hah---what say'st thou?

O. Brag. Ay.

Y. Mer. Ay, a very fine Story you have made of this indeed, and I shall inform my Lady presently of your great Merit and Extraction; and so my most Noble Black-smith Adieu.

Amor. Your Servant, honest Granadeer.

O. Brag. Hold, Sir, tho' the Captain here be a kind of a Coward, or so, yet you shall know that I have a Sword.

[Goes to draw.]

Y. Mer. And Dagger, I know it; all Granadeers have. Come, come, 'tis in vain to be testy with us; there's Money for the Wine, you can't do less than drink together when we are gone---Hush, not a word more.

Amor. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

[Exit Mer. and Amor.]

O. Brag. and Y. Brag. stare at each other.

Y. Brag. Ah! plague of your *Antwerp* Occupation, here's 6000 l. lost now, and the best Maintenance that ever man had: Oh, I'm lost, ruin'd for ever! I shall never be kept again, that touches the very Soul of me: Oh! What shall I do?

O. Brag. Why, take your Turkish Battle-Ax, and go to the Wars, Captain, you'll get, Immortal Honour I know presently; and so here's my Service to ye, good Captain Clapper.

[Drinks to him.]

Y. Brag. Nay, let it be some of the Brandy then that you sold by the Church wall, good Colonel Granadeer: D'heart, was the Devil in ye to talk at that Rate?

O. Brag. What, Sirrah, I warrant you, though I had cram'd a dozen or two of Lies in the hinder part of my Jaw, as a Monkey does the overplus of his Dinner. But, Sirrah, I'd have you know, I was of too honest a Principle.

Y. Brag. Honest! Ay, that's it has made dine so often on pickled Herrings and hard Cheese; Oh, what will become of me?

O. Brag. Come, come, Sirrah, take the Gentleman's Advice, and strip from that fluttering Coat, and sell it, 'twill serve to make a merry a considerable while; and since these Titular Captains are most of em Rogues, I'll provide you a new Title, you shall serve the King and Queen, Sirrah, and be as I am, an honest Granadeer.

Y. Brag. Lord, Sir, what do you mean? If my Lady should but hear I was in Company

Company where they but named the King and Queen, the would discard me for ever. And I have yet some small Hopes.

O. Sirrah, Ple have you hope no more hopes; but let my Lady be poy'd by her whole Party, cramp'd with her Jack-boots, and choak'd with her cold Tea. Come, come, strip, strip, Ple have the Coat off presently; that Lace will keep us two Months at least, in Tobacco, Candy, and Red Herrings.

Y. Brag. Oh the Devil, he's at his old Play agen.

O. Brag. Come, come; quick, quick; off with Hat, Peruke, and Coat, quick, I say.

Y. Brag. Quick! Ay, as quick as my Legs can carry me, [runs out] if you are at that sport.

O. Brag. I say you so, Rascal; Ple be with ye presently Faith. [runs after.]

SCENE The Boarding-School.

Enter Mirtilla with a book in her hand.

Mirtill. Reads.

Embarqu'd at last, and sculk'd into the Hold;

My Flight was to my jealous Parents told;

As much too timorous they, as I too bold.

Ah dear, dear *Ovid*, how thy precious Wit,

Drest in the glittering Robe of Charming Poetry,

Moves my soft Soul!-----When e're thou writest of Love,

Methinks my Heart melts with the Sacred Flame.

And even makes Virgin Innocence grow wanton:

For then dear *Merriton* I think on thee,

And every Thought begets an Extasie,

Almost too fierce for Vertue to endure:

Yet tho' I love thee, my Resolves are constant,

Ple sigh and mourn for thee my dearest Friend,

But can no more, till our hard Fortunes mend.

Enter Lady Addleplot, Crowstich, and L. Stroddle.

L. Addle. You amaze me, Mrs. *Crowstich*, with this Discovery: I thought it impossible the Girl should be so wild.

Crow. 'Tis strange indeed, Madam, for one of her years; but your Ladyship shall have the proof on't presently.

Mirtill. She here! To disturb my Contemplation: Horrid Creature! How shall I avoid her? [Exit Mirtill.]

L. Addle. The t'other Dowdy indeed I always imagin'd indocible; but that Sir *Arthur's* Offspring, a Child born of my own Body, Bone of my Bone, Flesh of my Flesh, Vitals of my Vitals, that she should degenerate, I am amaz'd at it!

L. Strod. To look so much below her self, as to fancy a little Dancing-Master; 'tis not adequate to your Ladyships Blood that runs in her, I confess.

Enter Jenny.

L. Addle. Whither were you going, you great Romp? ha!

Jenny. Oh Pray Mam forgive me this time, and I'll never do so agen.

Crow. Only to Mr. *Coopee*, Madam; this has been hatching a good while; the t'other too is as mad for *Semibrief* our Singing-Master; they were both found Romping in the Garden with 'em last Night, but the Governess has turn'd them away for't. Here she comes with Father, I've told him her Tricks already.

Enter Nicompoop, Molly, and Tearshift.

Nicom. Ah Madam, the Girls are both undone seriously!

L. Addle. The Girls! I hope you don't couple your *Barrier* there with Sir *Arthur's Breed*; Jack Sawce!—Ah *Tearshift*, 'tis evident now that filthy thing there has quite spoil'd Miss by keeping her Company.

Tear. 'Tis certainly so, Madam there's no comparison between the Children's Parts.

L. Addle. I'll examine her my self. *Hussey*, speak the Truth, and scape the Rod: What did you and that awkward Creature do with *Coopee* and *Semibrief* in the Garden last Night?

Jenny. No hurt, truly, truly now.

L. Addle. What business had ye there? What was your Design? Come, don't ye lie.

Jenny. Why, we Eat, igh, ugh; we eat a dozen of Custards there.

L. Addle. A dozen of Custards, very well.

Jenny. And about Fourteen Cheescakes.

Molly. There wan't Fourteen then, there was but Thirteen in all, and I have one of them in my Pocket here. *[Pulls out a great Cheescake, and eats it.]*

L. Addle. My Lady *Stroddle*, did ye ever hear such a filthy Romp?

L. Stroddle. She has a little too much of the vulgar, I confess, Madam.

Nicom. Madam, I beseech your Ladyship to hear *Molly* tell what Words pass'd between 'em, and what that Impudent Singing-master said to her.

L. Addle. Prithee hold thy Tongue.

Nicom. Pray Madam, let me beg your Ladyship. Come *Molly*, leave chawing your Cheescake, and tell my Lady, Child.

Molly. Why, he ask'd me—

Jenny. But pray Mother don't be angry with Mr. *Coopee*, for he's a mighty pretty Man, and the best Caperer in all the Town. *[Leaps rampingly.]*

Molly. And pray Father don't fall out with Mr. *Semibrief*, for he's a fine Man every inch of him, and the best Triller, aw, aw, au, au. *[Trills.]*

Nicom. The poor Fool wins upon me so with her pretty Carriage, that seriously I can deny her nothing: Come and kiss me, *Molly*.

L. Addle. Fogh, how the Brute licks the Calf yonder. Well, Mrs. *Crowslick*, tho' the Fellow has been sawcy with her; 'tis not so far gone I see, but the Girl may be reclaimed.

Crow. Ah Madam, this is not half her Fault; if this had been all I had born it with some Patience; but, Madam, he has taught her to be a Rebel too.

L. Addle. Hah!

Crow. And made 'em drink Confusion to the *French* three times one after another in Sillabub.

L. Addle. Degenerate Bastard! Is't possible! I had rather she had been choak'd.

Crow. Nay, and what's worst of all, the Villain made her sit on's Knee and sing an impudent Ballad twice over in praise of King *William*.

L. Addle. A young Whore, gad I'll whip her presently before ye a—

[Runs to her and they interpose.]

Nicom. Nay, dear Lady, seriously, you'll put your self into such an heat. —Husly get ye gone.

Jenny. I've a trick for't yet, for I'll go and hide my self till night, and then get out to Mr. *Coopee* at the Belcony. *[Runs off.]*

Molly.

Molly. And I'll get out at the Cellar-Window to Mr. *Semibrief* and be gone from 'em all I'm resolv'd on't. [Runs out.]

L. Adile. Away ye Coxcomb, or I'll give you as much; 'd life a young Jade to drink Confusion to the *French*; I shall hate Sillabub as long as I live for't; but I'll claw her, I'll teach her to turn Rebel. [Exit after her.]

Nicum. Pray Mrs. *Cromstick* go and strive to pacifie her, for she is in a devilish humor seriously. [Exit.]

Enter Young Merriton and Mirtilla.

Mirtil. But to pass upon 'em thus for a dancing Master and undiscovered, is a strange Riddle to me.

Y. Mer. It pleas'd Mrs. *Cromstick* to introduce me, who it seems, has some friendly opinion of my qualification for my performance Yesterday; beside, what can be strange to Love, who'd not change Shapes like *Jove* for such a *Danae*?

Mirtil. Who wou'd not talk like you that had your Wit?

Y. Mer. Or who would live confin'd here, that had yours? once more think on my Suit then dear Angel.

Mirtil. Nay, now you are unjust; did you not promise, provided I would suffer ye to see me, to touch no more upon that jarring string?

Y. Mer. If that be jarring, there is then no Musick; but Discord is the Soul of Harmony. I own I promis'd ye, alas! but how? as men in Fevers promise not to drink, yet have no Ease or Comfort till they break it; or as to modest Virgins newly wedded and beg a Weeks Reprieve, we seem to promise, but how can that e're bind the amorous Bridegroom, when there's necessity it should be broke?

Mirtil. Little should I depend upon your promise, when you had power, that can infringe it now.

Y. Mer. All things of sense unanimously excuse me; I cannot look upon thee without loving, nor love thee but I renew my suit.

Mirtil. A Suit bent to the ruin of us both.

Y. Mer. No, rather to our Souls Eternal Comfort.

Mirtil. Oh Heaven! What comfort can there be in Love, curb'd and confin'd by Poverty?

Y. Mer. We have no Poverty, whilst we love enough; the Drofs of gilded Luxury ne're can equal the Glittering Ore of our sublime Contentment. Thou hast a Soul I know dispises Fortune as much as vile unchastity or folly; a Soul that sits in the middle of her Wheel with Wings still poyz'd, not mounting up, nor falling, but in a constant Station fixt, canst smile at those that climb, and those that hurry down.

Mirtil. I have so, and I own I think as little of the vain noisy fluttering World as you, the gawdy Fop or haughty thing of Title, the strutting Prelate, or the Knave in Furs can laugh at too; nay I could be contented with the least gift of Fate, if that were all.

Y. Mer. If that were all! What is there else, sweet Life?

Mirtil. 'Tis not for my own sake that I deny, but, Sir, for yours; if we were married, perhaps I should love ye, nay love ye dearly; perhaps have Children too, some half a dozen pretty smiling Blessings to cling around and help Lifes tedious Journey with the dear nonsense of their prattling Stories. But should the freezing hand of Want afflict us, what should we do, but sit in our small fire, Tears in our Eyes and throbbing Griefs at Heart, to see our

who looking wishly on us seemed to say, why would you marry thus to make us miserable?

Y. Mer. Thou talkst of Children, and I think of Heaven, when I conceit thou art to be their Mother; oh I would learn to out-dig my Grandfire Adam, e're thou shouldst want the profits of the Earth, or my dear Children born of thy sweet Body, their due or proper sustenance.

Mirtil. And what must I do then when you should dig? I know in Marriage we must share the Troubles as well as Joys of him we are confin'd to; can I see him that lies within my Arms so full of cares he has scarce time for Love, rise early to provide for me and mine, and I not knit, or sow, or spin or something? The labouring Husband that has a lazy Wife may not only suspect her Love, but Vertue-----No, I'de never part from you in your ill Fortune, but will not be the Cause to bring it on ye.

Y. Mer. You cannot be the Cause; I have enough, tho' not what you deserve.

Mirtil. But I alas! have not enough for you.

Y. Mer. No matter, Heaven will prosper.

Mirtil. That I hope, and then my Tongue shall tell another story, till when adieu; and yet believe I value ye, and 'tis value keeps me from consenting.

Y. Mer. Come, come, 'tis plain you hate me; for if you did not, Fortune and Wealth were Trifles.

Mirtil. Be ungrateful and think so still. *Y. Mer.* I must and will by Heaven!

[*Is going out, and Old Merriton meets him.*]

O. Mer. How now Son? Why in such hast? Come back agen.

Mirtil. My Foster Father here, and in this unhappy juncture! Oh heaven! What shall I say to excuse my self?

Y. Mer. Sir, I beseech ye give me leave, I'm ill o'th' suddain, and want a little Air-----What makes he here? She said indeed she was beholding to him, but how, Heaven knows: I'de observe more hereafter, this may be a Riddle worth finding out.

Mirtil. Sir, I am afraid I have offended you, finding me thus discoursing with your Kinsman in this suspicious manner.

O. Mer. To fear implies a Guilt; I know your Vertue, and you might have spared that word; beside, he is my Son.

Mirtil. Your Son! Nay, then a Sisters Amity may well excuse this Freedom; 'twas Sir, your Interest first that introduced him; for any Blood of yours, meer Gratitude would prompt my throbbing Heart to love and honour.

O. Mer. 'Twas warm discourse you had, the purple Signal that yet remains displayed within your Cheeks, confirmed me that your Tongues have had a Battle, and Love or War has fiercely been denounced-----Pray let me know, and if I've interest in ye, as for past Cares I cannot doubt I have, give me a share in the discovery.

Mirtil. Sir, I dare trust you with my secret Sins, much more then with my little worldly Business: Know then, your Son has oft been pleased to honour me with passionate Expressions of his Love.

O. Mer. I thought so, pray proceed

Mirtil. Ah! then take all; I own I love him too, and now you have a secret out, which nothing but your Commands could ever have forced from me; I love him, Sir, yet knowing my Condition, modest regard of wronging him hereafter by my ill Stars, made my poor famished Heart hold out, though within one short hour of starving.

[*Exeeps.*]

O. Mer.

O. *Mer.* This is as I could wish-----Come be not sad, the Stars have
 ter aspects than you think, and Fortunes giddy Wheel will soon turn roun
 seat thee on the utmost Spoke with Honours.

Mistil. Ah, do not mock my Wretchedness, dear Father!

O. *Mer.* Not for the World; come in with me and listen, for I will tell thee
 wonders; the Minute is near and the blest Hand of Providence to pass thee from
 thy Labyrinth of Misfortunes holds out a Clue and guides thee on to Happi-
 nels. In every Life, the Doom of Fate secures
 One Hour to make it blest, and this is yours. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Enter Amorous and Le Prate.

Amor. Now Monsieur, you see what a Precipice I free'd ye from, and what
 Reasons I had for my late passionate resentment.

Le Prat. Monsieur, you have made it out dat you have de good reason, and
 I perceive dat she be de ver dam Jilt, ma foy; and tho' I have lost de little
 Honour in de quarrel, I have save one hundred Guinea morbleau, vish make
 me ver much amends: But Monsieur, pray observe, I vill shew you the finest
 French Song here dat I learnt dis morning,----thol loll, loll. [*Sings.*

Amor. Dillife, no song now, dear *Le Prat*, this is our very Minute of Pro-
 jection; I've just sent for her, go, go, prithee step into that Closet, and when I
 call, come and confront her.

Le Prat. Vid all my Heart, and I will practise dis Song all de while dere for
 fear I should fall asleep. [*Exit into the Closet.*

Amor. And if there be a subtiler Devil than ordinary,
 Used by grave Statesmen, or by jilting Wores,

Him I invoke: assist me; here she comes

[*Enter Jiltal and Oyley.*

Jilt. Why that French Fop should fail to come to my Assignment is a Riddle
 to me, *Oyley.* And to me too, Maddam. I'm sure I wound him
 upright, I wonder he did not strike.

Jilt. Hush, here's th'other Woodcock just falln into the Plash; one at a Shoot must
 serve, when ther's but little Game: my dear, dear *Jackey.* [*Runs to him.*

Amor. Oh my sweet, sweet, sweet-----Devil? [*aside.*

Jilt. But why is my dear Honey, little Puppy-dog come before the hour? hah---

Amor. My dear Life might assure her self, 'twas to do her good; to be short
 then, you must know that my Uncle just now sent for me.

Jilt. So, dear Monkey, so, so.

[*Hugs and clings to him.*

Amor. And sent me word: that upon condition, that I would marry thee to
 morrow morning, he would seal my Settlement to Night, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Jilt. Ha, ha, ha, ha, an old Fool, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Oyley. Ha, ha, ha, ha---I must laugh too, but 'tis at him; Lord, who would
 be a Man, to let a Woman abuse him thus? [*Aside.*

Amor. So dear *Betty*, thou knowest I had no reason to defer it, Child there's a
 thousand pound a year coming, ye dear, sweet, pretty, melting, charming----
 confounded----- [*aside.*

Jilt. I shall bite ye, Sirrah, I cannot forbear, I shall bite your Nose off if you
 come near me: ah *Jackey, Jackey*, if ever you should leave me I should dye, I should
 dye. [*Squeaks in a strange tone, and clings to him.*

Amor. Ah! how the Devil has tun'd her to do mischief; her trebble Violin is
 just now strung, and every Fop that plays upon't is damn'd.

Le Prat. within [*Sings aloud Thol, loll, loll, and a bit of a French Song.*

Jilt. How now! What's that? *Oyley.* The Devil sure, it can be nothing else,

Amor. A Plague on him! Now is that *French Fool's* Head so full of that new Song, he has forgot where he is, and is singing out aloud. You need not go Mrs. Oyley, 'tis one without that came with me to be Witness to the Marriage upon occasion, or so.

Filt. I vow, I was terribly frighted at the sound; I don't use to hear any Man's voice, but thine *Jackey*, so near my Bed-Chamber.

Amor. Kind *Betty*,—No, a Pox take ye, I find they all us'd to come in. [*Aside.*

Oyley. There's an Oagle now, there's an Oagle, as well worth two Guineas between Turk and Jew, as one shilling's worth another.

Filt. And will you marry me to morrow morning *Jackey*?

Amor. Will I! ah thou shalt find, I'll do more for thee than that; come give Mrs. Oyley the Key, and bid her fetch the Settlement out of the Cabinet quickly, I suppose a Joynture of five hundred a year may do as well.

Filt. I can't give it her, I vow I can't, I'm ashamed,---I vow I am.

Amor. Oh fie! you must not trifle now, the Time waits, Mrs. Oyley take it from her.

Oyley. Pray, Madam, since the noble Squire will have it so---

Amor. That Bitch takes me for a Cully too, I find by her Squirring me.---[*Aside.* Hast got it? go, go, make hast then.

Filt. Indeed *Jackey*, I shall dye for thee. [*Languishing.* *Amor.* No, no.

Filt. I vow I shall. [*In a Tone.* *Amor.* Impossible.

Filt. I shall never live to be brought to Bed, I'm afraid I shall have two this time----I swear, I believe I shall.

Amor. So! here's Generation for ye! One Joynture has begot two Bastards in half a quarter of an Hour. [*Aside.* *Filtal puts her Fan before her Face.*

Enter Oyley with the Settlement.

Oyley. Here 'tis, Sir, and Heavens bless ye for your Love to her.

Amor. Umph---I think indeed this is my erring Scrawl.

Oyley. Yes indeed is it, I was Witness to this then, [*Tears the Settlement.* What d'ee start Bawd!

Filt. Zoons, what does he mean? [*Putting her Fan aside.*

Amor. Oh, Madam! be not affrighted I beseech ye, it may chance to make ye miscarry of your two Babes; there's what I know will please ye---'tis your Joynture, Madam, your Ladyship understands the short-hand [*Gives her the Letter.*

Filt. My Letter to the *Frenchman*---Oh Confusion! I'm undone.

Amor. There is no Witness yet, but I'll call one; Allons Monsieur approach!

Enter Le Prate from the Closet.

Le Prate. Sharming, and fair, and most extraordinary, your very most humble and oblig'd Serviture; Tholl, loll---

Oyley. D'life, if this be true, I must into wollen stockings agen. [*Amorous laugh.*

Le Prate. Madam, the Deevil take me, if I am not ver sorry-dat---

Filt. Hell take me, burn the World, and perish Nature! [*Rages about.*

Amor. Faith, Madam, I confess I've been your hindrance, the Monsieur had a Hundred Guineas for ye, but that I told him my Whore took no money. As for your Babes of Grace, if they chance to be born naked, and have not back and breast on like the Troop, I'll give ye something to buy Blankets, and so adieu, thou Wretchad---

Le Prate. Impudent. [*Dances up and down.*

Le Prate. Pockey. [*In another tone.*

Le Prate. Comman.

Amor. Mercenary

Amor. Mine

Amor. Sanctiss, and what's yet worse, Ingrateful Whore,
And Curse me Heaven, if e're I love thee more.

[*Exeunt.*]

Oyley. Nay, y'art right enough serv'd, could you think to have an intrigue
With a *Princess*, but that all the Town shou'd know't?

Jilt. Oh! That I were a Witch now for a minute, or knew the means to be
so; I've heard of Bonds written with Blood and Charms, that have by that
made mischief prosperous; would some revengeful Power would tempt me
once, hah!

Enter Old Rakehell.

I'me wishing for the Devil, and here he comes as pat, as he were sure to have
my Soul beforehand; oh—for a Female Plot now to o'rreach this subtle *Amo-*
reux, and make his Wit out-witted, the Omen appears fair, let me Consider.

Rake. I'me sure I saw my Nephew come this way, but where to find him amongst
this Warren of Conney Burrows, is a Work past my Skill; I bolted into one of
their holes just now, and there were two or three young bouncing Girls stark na-
ked, going to wash themselves in a Tub; 'gad I thought I should have lost my Eye-
sight, or at least been us'd like *Albin*, but that as it happen'd there were no
Bounds about me. A plague o't, I can't find the way down neither, and I am
damnable afraid of falling into that *Indian* Tygers Quarters again.

Jilt. I have it, go *Oyley* and tell him I'de speak with him, and thou dear
Devil of Female subtilty, if e're thou wert our Sexes Benefactor, assist me
now.

[*Oyley* claps him on the back.

Oyley. Sir, my Lady would speak with ye.

Rake. Oh! Gad's bad, I'me fallen into the Devil's paws, with seeking to a-
void em; Oh pray young Gentlewoman inform your Lady that the Writings
are ready, I'll Seal to night, and 'tis no matter for speaking with her; alas,
you know she's mad.

Oyley. Mad, pray Sir, come nearer, and be undecerv'd. Mad, did you say?

Jilt. Sir *Rowland*, I could ne're have thought a man of your Sense could be so
grossly impos'd upon, without perceiving it.

Rake. How's this—

Jilt. Lord, Sir, you shun me as I were a Ghost, but I find this is your Nephews
Trick, and I can't blame ye, he would have Trick'd me too, Sir, had I not
watch'd him.

Rake. She talks well now, but if this should be a calm fit of the Devil in her,
only to get time to put the Dagger into my guts, 'gad I'll keep my distance yet
for all her Coaking.

Oyley. Now work but thy part Devil, we are made agen.

[*Aside.*]

Jilt. I had coug'd to send to ye this morning, Sir, to tell ye how this base
ingratefull Fellow, this prodigal your Nephew has abus'd ye; nay, not only you
but me, by making me affront one of your merit; but, Sir, I ask you now ten
thousand Pardons.

Rake. This must be madness, for I can find no sence in it.

Jilt. I had at first, 'tis true, as it was reasonable, some ill thoughts of ye, but
now have touch the better; his Plots are all unravell'd, and by substantial in-
formation now I find 'twas he that sold me to the *Indies*.

Rake. 'Twas so, Madam, oh he's a damn'd Kidnabbing wicked Fellow, 'gad
I'll take heart and close in with her while the Fit lasts.

Jilt. 'Twas by his Plot I acted that mad part when last I saw ye, much against
my own good nature, but I have found his Villanies out since, how he design'd
my ruin with a Marriage, and you out of a Settlement; 'tis plain now, and I
am sure you will be very willing to beg ye not to Seal.

Rake. Gadzooks, what's this I hear? Why hark ye, Madam, are not you really mad then?

Filt. Mad, indeed such injuries were enough to make me so; but Sir, I hope my Eyes will resolve that doubt; besides, if you doubt my sence, you shall hear me sing a Song of my own making.

SONG.

*R*oyal and Fair, great Willy's dear Blessing,
the Changing Regent of the Swains;
Heery with Care, thus sadly Expressing
her grief, sat weeping on the Plains:
Why did my Fate Exalt me so high,
If falling State must deprive me of Joy?
Since Willy is gone,
Ah! How vainly shines the Sun,
Till Fates decree, the Winds and Sea
Wash, wash him to me.

*I*I.
Large are my Flocks, and flow'ry my Pastures,
Worth Treasures vast of Silver and Gold;
Where Ravens and Wretches too, fair would be Masters,
Devour all my Labours, and break down my Fold:
VVilly will be here, save'd me from fear,
All the Wild Herd flood in one of my Dear;
But poor helpless I,
Mourning sigh, and heavily Cry
Lest Fates decree, the Winds and Sea
Wash VVilly to me.

Rake. A most admirable Creature, and if I may be so bold, Madam, have you never a Dagger under your Petticoats, nor nothing?

Filt. Nothing that will hurt you, Sir: alas! that Dagger was given me by him to Act my part with; Oh he has abus'd us both inhumanly, but we'll be even with him now, shall we not?

Rake. Shall we not? 'gad, Madam, say but a word more, and I'll have him hang'd at your door before to-morrow night; here's luck, I thought I had got a Devil, 'wons 'tis a Cherubin of Cherubins.

Filt. There's time enough to punish him, but he shall see us laugh at him first; give me your hand, will you be true to me, and revenge me on that wicked Fellow?

Rake. Most vigorously-----

Filt. And take me, and my whole Fortune for your pains.

Rake. Most thankfully-----

Filt. There's a Bargain made, then go and get a black Coat, I'll marry ye immediately. [Kneels.]

Rake. My Genius, my Soul, my Spirits, I have not breath enough to speak my joy, Oh that I could flye now, my Legs cannot carry me half fast enough, now would some honest Topping Priest would come fluttering like a Swallow down the Chimney, I must try and get one presently, for fear she cool again.

See in the World how strangely things are carried,

I thought I should be hang'd, and now am to be Married. [Exit Laughing.]

[Filtal Strutting.] ? So now let the History my Annals grace,
Mine is the Wreath, and Matchless an As.

Oyley. Three Thousand Pounds a year, in three short minutes your Wit has gain'd, ha! ha! ha! 'd'life I could leap out of my skin methinks.

Filt. Besides that poor dull wretched fellow *Amorons* stript out of all, in spite of all his Cunning; this now is prosperous mischief, and I am proud to see my Conquering Brain o'recome Mankind.

Let each Miss-Keeper take this for a Rule,
To get one Young, and if he can, a Fool:

VVhilst her Sence yields to his the day's his own,
But if he's once Out-witted, he's undone. [Exit.]

ACT V. Scene I. Chelfey.

Enter Old Meriton, and Boy.

O. Mer. Where did you leave Sir Rowland, Boy?

Boy. At an Ale-House, Sir, just by the Church, waiting for Mr. Stiffneck, our Parson, and he desires ye to go presently to his house, and see

des his Servants to pick it up neatly, and provide a good Supper against Twelve a Clock, and then he'll come and impart t'ye an Extraordinary Affair that has happen'd to him.

O. *Mer.* Well, go, Sirrah, and tell him it shall be done, but there [*Ex. Boy.* shall be other Guests there to eat it than he imagines; what he means by his extraordinary Affairs, I know not: 'tis enough for me to have brought my own so near to perfection, I have left the Lovers within, cooing like a pair of Turtles, having extremely surpriz'd her with a discovery this Morning, that she is worth Fifty Thousand Pounds: Here she comes, so embarras'd still between hope and fear, that she is even in pain to hear of her good Fortune—Come, come, Madam, are ye ready?

Enter Young Merriton and Mirtilla.

It begins to grow late.

Mirt. Alas! Whither must I go? you have so surpris'd me with this strange News, that did I not know you to be a Man of Honour, I should believe you spoke it to abuse me.

O. *Mer.* D'ye doubt my honesty? have I deserv'd this from ye?

Mirt. Oh I no, Sir. And pray be not angry for my diffidence, to fear is natural to our Sex; besides, Sir, fifty Thousand Pounds is such a Sum methinks!

O. *Mer.* As great a Sum as 'tis, you still outweigh it—And what I've said I'll justify. Give me your hand; you must now change your Lodging, as we go on I'll tell ye more—Come, Will. [*Exeunt.*

Y. *Mer.* 'SDeath, Fifty Thousand Pounds; why, 'tis worse than Witchcraft to her; half that Sum shall convert any Woman in England into a Peacock, and make her so proud of her own Tail, there would be no enduring her: I warrant she thinks now that I'll crawl on my Hands and Feet to purchase her; but she shall find she is deceived;—Love may oblige me to a slavish Duty, but Fortune never shall.

[*Ex. Y. Mer.*

Enter Coopee and Semibreif with a Ladder.

Coop. Come, Brother Fortune-Stealer, help along with the Ladder: I hope this will prove more lucky than our last Plot; for methinks the Moon favours us very well. How goes the Night?

Semibr. The School-Bell has just rung Nine, the Chickens within are all going to Roost, and as full I warrant of Bread and Butter, Milk, Posset, and Cawdle, as a Woman in Child bed, that has but just three days lain in.

Coop. Oh, here's the Balcony, now for the Sign. [*Squeaks through a Catcall.*

Enter Miss Jenny above.

Miss J. Whose there? *Coop.* 'Tis I, dear Miss, 'tis I. [*Squeaks again.*

Miss J. Who, Mr. Coopee?

Coop. The same, the same, my dear, sweet, little, pretty—

Miss J. Oh, Law, oh, Law; but how shall I get down t'ye tho'?

Coop. Oh, easily, easily my dear: Look here, I've brought a Ladder for thee.

Semibr. So, so, I see you are in a pretty posture; I'll go now and see how Affairs stand at the Cellar Window. [*Exit Semibr.*

Miss J. A Ladder! Oh good! What, and must I act Love with a Ladder then?

Coop. A Ladder I you must do any thing for your poor Hubby that is to be; have you got the Patchthread?

Miss J. Yes, I warrant ye; what d'ye think I would forget any thing? But will ye be sure to marry me to night then?

Coop. To night I presently, Child, as soon as ever thou get'st off the Ladder;

Miss J.

Miss F. There 'tis then; I vads he shan't stay for me; I'm better bred than so, I warrant ye. *[Throws down the Cakebread, and he ties it to the Rope.]*

Coop. So, now put it round the Bar of the Window, and then let me alone to hoist it up.

Miss F. There, Oh, Gemini, what a pretty trick is this—But, dear Mr. Cooper, when we are married, what must we do afterwards, I wonder.

Coop. Afterwards, why then we must go to Bed, my dear.

Miss F. Go to bed; well, and I vads that will be very Pretty; but what must we do after that pray, dear Mr. Cooper?

Coop. After that, why?—

Miss F. Ay, there's the thing now, Mr. Cooper; what must we do after that?

Coop. Why, do but get upon the Ladder, and come down my dear, I'll tell thee presently.

Miss F. Will ye? well, and so I will I vads, I'll be with ye in a twinkling.

[Is getting upon the Ladder, and Crowsitch comes and takes hold of her.]

Crow. Will ye so Gentlewoman?

Pray let me have an account of your Journey first.

Miss F. Oh law, what shall I do now?

[Sings to Cooper out of tune.]

[Sings.] Go, go, Friend below, I'm taken, I'm taken,

Ye little Knave, get off, and save your Bacon, your Bacon.

Crow. Here are rare doings; what, you are going to be married, are ye? but I'll help ye to a Husband in the Morning. A good Rod, Huffle, that shall act Love with ye, better than the Fool below there.

Miss F. Well, well, I will have a Husband, I'm resoly'd on't, do what you can: And if you offer to whip me, I'll tear your Eyes out, so I will.

Crow. Go, get ye in, ye great Ramp. I'll lock her into her Sister's Room below Stairs, for to night, there's no Balcony there. D'line, was there ever such a contrivance? We shall have all our Girls stole out of the School by Baskets full, if this trade hold; but I'll prevent it to Morrow. Get ye in, Huffle. *[Ex. Crow.]*

Coop. Ah, plague of my damn'd luck: If this Devil had staid but a minute longer, I had got my Fortune upon my back, a lumping pennyworth, by this time: But now, as the Devil will have it, must leave my Dow, that I have so long moulded for my own Cake, to be mumbled by the Chops of another: Pox on't, we us'd to be more prosperous in these Intreagues; and if any of these raw Tits can bolt out of their Warren at any time, 'tis ten to one but your Greyhound, Dancing-Master, or your Lurching Songster has the first snap at 'em. 'Tis a poor loving Fool, this; and 'on my Conscience will be very constant to me; and if we can but contrive another Assignment, then if I lose her—

Enter Semibrief hastily.

Semibr. Hift, hift, Cooper, come along with me presently.

Coop. Phoo, prithee let me alone, I am very unfit for another Intreague now. A Pox on't, I have lost my own.

Semibr. Ye lie, ye lie, ye Rogue, she's surer than ever; Crowsitch has just now lock'd her up into a low Room, where my little Butterprint was watching for me, who as soon as ever she was gone, put back the Lock, gets out, and they are now both together yonder at the Cellar Window.

Coop. Ha! what dost thou say, what, my little Cakebread too!

Semibr. Ay, ay, ye Dog, come quickly, and let's help 'em out.

Coop. Dilcart, this was beyond expectation. Run, run on, run. *[They run out.]*

Enter young Brag dress'd like a Grenadier.

T. Brag. If I had not run away from this old Dog Father of mine just now, when he was drunk and fell asleep, I had been detach'd in the Morning amongst the Grenadiers, and shipp'd for the Expedition in *Ireland*; my fine Rigging's all gone, he has damn'd, that is, burnt the very Soul of my Coat, the Lace; and my Embroyder'd Breeches hang out at a Broker's in *Drury Lane*; by this time he hath taken up with the Money they yielded, a whole Firkin of Brandy, a Hog-head of Red Herrings, two dozen of Tobacco, and half a hundred of *Cheshire* Cheese: For my part, I believe he's turn'd Conjuror, and lays up Provision for some Famine or other that is to come. If I should appear before my Lady in this Cap, with this Cypher upon't, I were no more a Man of this world; she would fly upon me like a Cat in a Closet, and the tokens of my Manhood would be in a very desperate Condition.

Re-enter Coopee, and Semibreif, with Miss Jenny, and Molly muffled, they cross the Stage hastily.

Semibr. Come along, along, my dear, dear little Chicken.

T. Brag. Ha, That's *Semibreif's* voice; who are those with him?

Molly. Well, you tell me you'll make me a Woman too night. Bat i'vads my heart goes a pitt a patt about it; for I've been told a Maid goes through a great deal of trouble before she comes to be a Woman; and if you should chance to kill me—

Semibr. Kill thee; ha, ha, ha, never fear it, my Dear. [*Jenny drops a Baby.*]

T. Brag. By Heaven, my little Boarding-School-Spouse that should ha' been.

Jenny. Oh law, my baby, my baby—I've lost my baby.

Coop. Ah, 'Tis no matter if thou hadst lost it, I'll get thee a better baby my Dear.

T. Brag. 'Tis so, the Rumps are both stole from the School to night; and I am luckily the first discoverer. I'll dog 'em, and then run and inform my Lady; this, with some swinging lye or other may chance to re-inflate me in her favour, and get me other Rigging. For to say truth, I'm damnably asham'd of this; well, Fortune prosper, I have but small hopes. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. [*A Room with Table and bottles.*]

Enter Lady Addlepot sitting, Lady Strodde, Nicompoop arm'd back and breast, and Le Prate in Jack Boots.

L. Addle. SO, so, the Rising's up, and I think we are all fitted; and since you have done me the honour to chuse me for your Colonel, you shall find me ready to push forward, I warrant ye.

Le Prate. Madam, mine Horse is ready, let us go to night, begar.

Le Strod. Merhinks Mr. Deputy looks very like an Officer too.

Nicom. Oh lack, no seriously, I make but an indifferent Figure: I profess I never wore a Sword in my life before, but once at a Training: 'Od so, I've forgot my Scabbard. [*Exit.*]

L. Addle. An Officer! I vow, my Lady *Strodde*, I'm asham'd of him; he'll ne'r be fit for any thing but to carry the Match.

L. Strod. But, Madam, I don't see the Captain here all this while.

L. Addle. Ah, there's another: I beseech ye, Madam, don't name him; he's found to be the greatest Rascal in Town, a poor beggerly Fellow; they say he was formerly a Black-Smith; but what has made me utterly discard him, is, the Villain has had the impudence to brag of Favours; and you know, Madam, if once they do that—

L. Strod. Ah, that's insufferable, but really he was a lusty Fellow.

Enter Tearshift with Lady Aiddleplott's Rigging and Jack Boots, and a Paper in her hand.

Tearsh. Oh, Madam, here's your Ladyships Rigging, and the account of the *Kentish Rising*: The Captain of the Party has sent ye the particulars.

L. Addle. Oh, that's good; I thought I should hear to night. Come let's peruse it, and drink their healths, hum, hum. [*They sit down.*]

An Impartial Account of the Mutineers that have risen since Friday last. Very good. *Imprimis.* Of Officers and others, that deserted through scruple in the last Reign, and have now deserted through another scruple in this, Two Hundred and Threescore. Here's a Pint Glass, their Healths, my Lady *Strodde*. Of Monks, Dominicans, Franciscan Friars, and Jesuits, that herd amongst Quakers, Fanaticks, Independents, and Fifth Monarchy-men, Fifty Nine.

Oh, fy, that's but few. *L. Strod.* Alas! Good men, they have made hard shift. *L. Addle.* Pray observe, Madam, of Loyal Tory Rory Whores in and about London—Ten Thousand—*Dillie*, give me the Bottle.

L. Strod. Ah, blessing on their Hearts. Gad 'tis pity they should have that scandalous name given 'em; the Creatures have always been very serviceable to our Party.

Le Prat. Ah, 'tis certain, de Whore do ver must good in de turn of Government: dey haunt de Play-house, and shatt, and make a de noyce, ah, begar, they are ver serviceable.

L. Addle. Serviceable; ay, you'd say so if you knew all. Why, they are the chief Tools we work with; why, these Ten Thousand Whores now shall draw as many Fools to 'em in a months time, and that will make a considerable Army. We'll be gone by break of day, Madam.

L. Strod. With all my heart, Madam. I'm ready at a minute. I hope we shall have Mass open again some time or other. [*Enter Old Brag, Drunk.*]

O. Brag. A Son of a Whore to run away from his Colours, almost before he was well Listed, 'oons I'll hang him my self, I'll make him ride the Wooden-Horse twelve hours together, with a dozen of Musquets ty'd to each Leg—Let me see, this is the House I'm sure—I'll make bold to beat up her Ladyships Quarters for once, I know the Rogue is crept in here.

L. Addle. See the careless Baggage, this is your leaving the door open.

L. Strod. And when we are Caballing too, Oh fye, Mrs. *Tearshift*, this is a great fault indeed, d'snife we shall be discover'd.

L. Addle. Let me go my Lady *Strodde*—you shall see me lay the Rascal's Soul at my foot the first push.

Le Prat. Ah! Madam, it must not be, I will demand de Combat my self, I will Challenge him to morrow morning, I will bring you his heart for your Dinner, instead of de French Capon, and his guts shall serve instead of de Sawlage about it.

O. Brag. That must be the French Admiral by his bragging, agh, and the Rognie carries the *Bassile* about him; you take out my guts for Sawlages, Sirrah? Sirrah y'are the Son of a Whore, and I'll make a National Quarrel out.

Le Prat. Vell, Vell, I remember, Rascal, I remember.

[*O. Brag. Sings.*] *Remember ye Priests what was formerly done.*

O. Brag. Where is this Rascal got now? I'll ferret him out of your holes I faith, I'll find out your Ladyships ugh by places, I'll have him if he be above ground.

E. Addle. Go, *Tearshift* after him, and let my Footmen use him at their Discretion.

Nicomp. Oh! Madam, here's the saddest News you ever heard. Your Ladyship's fine Daughter *Jenny*, and my ungracious *Molly* are both stole out to night from the Boarding-School, with *Coopee* and *Semibreif*.

L. Addle. Hah! what says the fellow?

L. Prat. Ha, ha, ha—dis is de Captain, de Blacksmith, and now turn'd *Grana-deer*, begar.

T. Brag. Madam, I hope your Ladyship will excuse my disguise, but what Mr. Deputy says is very true, I dog'd 'em my self, and have told him where they are.

L. Addle. This ever comes of these plaguy Boarding-Schools, the Girls are always snap'd up by some Piping or Capring Fellow or other, if they are worth any thing—Come my Lady *Strodale*, my Bowels yearn for the Jade, however I must go see whether she is undone or no.

Y. Brag. Ah! dear Madam, what must I expect from your Ladyship's favour—

L. Addle. Who's there? bid somebody give the Blacksmith he re a Tester, and let him have my Custom for shoeing my Coach-Horses—Come Monsieur, come let's go.

L. Strod. And pray let us make haste Colonel, for you know the Rising is of greater concern to us than Children or Parents either.

Le Prat. Ah *Morbleau*, is it? dere be de ver much difference. [Exit.]

Y. Brag. Give the Blacksmith a Tester, 'tis so, she's in the right, faith, for I have work'd at the Forge many a time, 'till I have earn'd it very dearly.

Enter Tearshift.

Ah dear Mrs. *Tearshift*, I'm undone, my Lady has quite thrown me off, this old Scoundrel Father of mine has utterly ruin'd me.

Tearsh. Why then ye have the means now to be reveng'd on him, for yonder he lies Drunk, and asleep upon the Cellar stairs, and my Ladies Footmen are going to dress him up like a Dominican Friar, and as soon as he wakes intend to expose him to the Mob, I'm sorry I can't stay to see the sport—for I must after my Lady.

Y. Brag. Gad I'm glad of this however, for now will I be reveng'd of the Old Dogbolt—I'll go and enter my self amongst the Mob immediately, I'll be the Foreman of his Jury 'faith—

[Exit.]

SCENE III.

Enter O. Merriton, Y. Merriton, Mirtilla, Coopee, Semibreif, Molly, Jenny, and Parson.

O. Mer. **N**OW, Madam, I hope you are satisfied, I'll therefore leave ye in Possession, and go and get a Guard for our farther Assistance. Gentlemen stand to your Post, you know your own Ladies are at stake.

Coo. Doubt not, Sir, we are very happy to meet you to give us this Protection.

Sem. We'll defend our Fortunes now we have got 'em, I'll warrant ye Sir—Come *Domine*, you are one of our Party.

O. Mer. 'Tis well, and I'll be with ye presently. [To the Parson, and Exit.]

Mirtill. I hope, Sir, you'll defend your Fortune too? [Ex. O. Mer.]

Y. Mer. My Fortune is not worth defending, Madam.

Mirtill. How, Sir, not worth defending—is my price fallen then?

Y. Mer. Your price, ah no, I spoke of my own Fortune, your value, Madam, is insupportable, young, fair, and wary, Fifty Thousand Pounds too, and much more.

Mirtil. All which I freely give to your dispose, Sir,

Y. Mer. By no means, Madam, I am no Usurer; your wisdom will do better to signify this to your Goldfinch, he'll manage your full Bags to an advantage, for my own part I deal in Hearts, not Money.

Mirtil. My heart, Sir, is yours, for now I can give it nobly, I've wealth enough.

Y. Mer. But I, alas, have not enough for you: I think 'twas once your saying.

Mirtil. And do you then refuse me for a Saying?

Y. Mer. The Rich require no love, they expect reverence, and you see I keep my distance: When we were equal, then I lov'd ye dearly, I durst be bold then, now you are above me.

Mirtil. I am not proud, Sir.

Y. Mer. Not to your own thinking, a Woman's pride is just like one that squints, she seldom thinks she has the imperfection, because she never sees it.

Mirtil. Are not you proud now, to refuse a Blessing so strangely thrown upon ye? pray consider, Sir, are you not damnably proud?

Y. Mer. I have a noble fullness of Soul, not proud; I never was a Slave to the Bawd Fortune, nor am I to be pufft up with her Benefits.

Mirtil. Must then your bravery of mind be shown to all the World but me, ah! where is now the Love you once protested?

Y. Mer. Here in my breast, my heart is full of it; but, Madam, you would never entertain it, you set my heart still on the score of Fortune, 'twas not to be oblig'd to you but her; 'tis true, you argued prettily upon it, but too wise reasoning, shews too little Love.

Mirtil. All Love without is madness.

Y. Mer. Rapture you mean, and in that Rapture, Heaven, 'tis the Soul's general good enjoy'd in common, as well by the naked Beggar, as the Monarch; Fortune's a gift particular to Fools, to make amends for the Soul's gross defects, the blind work of Predestination, what must be, must be.

Mirtil. I never yet did wish the Gifts of Fortune only to give 'em you.

Y. Mer. You should have given your self, in you was Fortune, each precious minute you deferr'd my happiness, was greater loss than Fortune could repay me, now 'tis your Charity — I take it basely, 'tis Fifty Thousand Pounds given as an Alms.

Mirtil. You are shrewdly hurt, to take the Alms of Love thus warmly heap'd in Gold — — Come, come, you jest with me, you cannot leave me so.

Y. Mer. Not so, I've yet some generous services to pay ye, when you are settled, then I'll tell ye more.

Mirtil. And more I hope to th' purpose.

Y. Mer. It may be so, mean time please to retire, here's Company coming, I should be a fool indeed, if I should lose thee for all my seeming. [Exit *Mirtil.* fullness, I know she's fast, therefore play this game, that hereafter she mayn't twit me with her benefits, Riches corrupt the Mind, some Women must be serv'd so.

Enter Amorous laughing, with a Scrivener.

Here comes *Amorous*, whose merry tone will be turn'd too very suddenly.

Ha! *Jack*, well met; thou'rt very merry, I see, by which I guess the World goes well — hah —

Beyond my expectation, faith Dear Rogue, I have stript *Jittall*, taken

away her Settlement, and torn it; and have now brought this honest Fellow with Deeds here that give me a thousand a year, which my Uncle has this night promis'd to Seal. Ha, ha, ha.

T. Mer. So; why, thou wert wrapt in my Mother's Smock, sure, for thy look: But prithee what is become of the Jilt now?

Amor. Why, thou wilt find her selling of Walnuts by the Fleet Ditch within these two days; footing of Stockings is above her level; she has not left a Nine-pence to buy Materials.

Enter Jilt all richly dress'd with Oyley, and three footmen with Lights.

T. Mer. Es life, prithee look, is not that she yonder?

Amor. No, that must be the Devil who has taken her likeness, and comes I believe with a deluge upon my Person. *[Stands amaz'd.]*

Jilt. Methinks Oyley, the Coach is not easie enough, I'll have the Cushions alter'd, and the Velvet finer; I'll have Six Horses too, I find every tawdry Gentlewoman has a couple.

Oyley. 'Tis true, Madam; and methinks your Ladyships Liveries are not fine enough neither.

Jilt. No, they have too much of the dull City Air; I'll make Sir Rowland change 'em. I'll have my Pages Coat cover'd with Gold Lace, and lin'd with Tissue.

T. Mer. Is this she that was selling Walnuts by the Fleet Ditch?

Amor. Damn her, this can be nothing but bouncing; you shall see me go and trize her about the Settlement.

Jilt. What makes Sir Rowland stay so long, Oyley?

Oyley. He's only talking with Mr. Dogfears the Parson a little, Madam, He'll be with ye presently.

Amor. Hah, old Acquaintance; what, I see thou keepe'st up still, I see thou wilt not want Rigging whilst there's a Cully in the Town.

Jilt. What means the Fellow? Who is this Rascal, Oyley?

Oyley. Some pitiful Shagrag or other, Madam, of *Alfania*, that wants to be lick'd by your Ladyships Footmen.

Amor. Do I so, eternal Common liar? No, they'll better serve for your Bitchships Recreation in the Larder at night. But, *Bitty*, prithee why so restless? Lord, you Whores with Settlements are so Proud, ha, ha, ha.

Jilt. If I did not know thee to be a Fool, and not worth a Groat, I would ruine thee for that word. Hark ye, do ye pretend to know me, Sirrah?

Amor. Cry ye Mercy, faith, may be I am bewitched and mistaken: but the Devil take me, if you do not look as like to a confounded Jilt of my acquaintance as one Thumb looks like another. Do'st hear, prithee, honest Fellow, who is that Lady? ha!

[To a Footman.]

Foot. Who is it? why, 'tis my Lady Rakehell: Sir Rowland will steer your Coat, I can tell ye that, if he comes and sees ye sawey with her.

Amor. Lady Rakehell, and Sir Rowland, what a Devil does this mean!

T. Mer. This cunning Jilt has counterplotted him, by Heaven, I find it.

Amor. Why, heark ye, Pubbe, prithee how came thy Name to be alter'd?

Jilt. 'Tis a disgrace to me to tell thee; but since 'tis the only honour I ever intend to do thee, know, Sirrah, I'm your Aunt, I am married to your Uncle, Sirrah.

Amor. What, married to my Uncle!

Oyley. Ay, ay, married to your Uncle, Sirrah; what a Fox, won't the Fellow be answered?

Amor. 'Dilheart, ye Jade, deny it again, and quickly, or I will have no more mercy on thee than ——— [Takes her by the Throat]

Oyley. Help, help, Murder, Murder.

Enter Rakehell.

Rake. What's this I see, my Rascally Nephew abusing Mistress Oyley? Sirrah, hands off, or I'll run my Sword in your Guts. What is your meaning for this Rogue? ha!

Amor. Meaning, why, Sir, the impudent Quean would face me down that you were married to *Jiltall* my *quondam* Whore there.

Rake. How, Sirrah, your Whore? Stand off, let me come to him, he shall never speak again, by this Blade.

Jilt. Now for my Game cunningly.

[Aside]

No, dear Sir Rowland, for my sake spare him now, because 'tis our Wedding day; 'tis true, he has been sawcy, and wicked, ungracious, and impudent, but let him scape for once, do dear, sweet, hony Sir Rowland, Alas! you know the poor Fellow is crack-brain'd.

[She strokes and fawns on Sir Rowland]

Amor. Or shall be presently, 'faith, if this hold.

Well, Sir, to the discovery of that another time: Here the Scrivenor has brought the Deed you order'd; will you please to go in and Seal?

[Shows the Deed, and Rakehell strikes it out of his hand]

Rake. Seal, 'oons ye Blockhead, I've married The Heirefs, what a Devil should I Seal?

Amor. Why to the Thousand Pounds a Year you promis'd me, what a plague have forgot?

Rake. I'll not give thee a Groat, get the Pox, take the Highway, Rob, come to the Gallows, and be damn'd, a fair riddance——

Jilt. Alas, if my dear Husband here should Seal to the Settlement, in one of your mad fits, Cousin, you'd tear it some time or other.

Amor. A Pox Cousin ye,——I'm resolv'd this Devil shall never carry it off so, however; why then, Sir, I must tell ye, that you are cheated too, for she's no more the right Heirefs than I am, but, as I told ye before, my Cast off Wench, and her Name is *Jiltall*——

Jilt. Na, make him believe that if thou canst, Fool [Aside to Amorous]

Ha, ha, ha, d'ye hear him, Sir, d'ye hear him?

Rake. Ay, ay——A Pox on him, but I'll not endure this; I'll send the Dog to *Bedlam* to morrow——but come, my Dear——Supper stays for us——thou'rt welcome now to thine own House——Sirrah, go and get open the door.

[Footman goes to the Door, and young Merriton interposes]

Y. Mer. Who would you speak with, Friend? Have you any business here——

Foot. Business here, Sir, yes that I have.

Y. Mer. To mention.

Foot. To you! I've nothing to say to you, my Business is with the Porter.

Y. Mer. I am the Porter.

Rake. How, now, Sir, you the Porter, pray since when, I never entertain'd ye that I remember?

Y. Mer. The Lady of the House has, that's enough, Sir.

Filt. Who, I? what does he mean? I never entertain'd him, not I.

Y. Mer. You never did, indeed; alas, how should ye? you are not the Lady of the House-----

Rake. No, Sir, then I hope you'll give me leave to be Lord on't, I hope I may come in?

Y. Mer. Not a Foot further, Sir, my Lady has given orders to the contrary.

Rake. A pox on your Lady, what have I to do with her; 'oons, must not I bring my Wife into my own House for her?

Y. Mer. You may if you please, Sir, but this is none of it, this is my Ladies House.

Amor. I believe Meriton has contriv'd this trick for my sake; come dear Will, shall I come in then, dear Rogue?

Y. Mer. Nor you neither, Sir, I must beg your pardon.

Amor. Pardon, prithee what dost thou mean, is the Devil in thee?

Rake. Hey day! here's another madd Puppy-----the Town swarms with 'em now as thick as Wasps in Summer; what ho-----whose within there, Old Merriton-----Orthodox, Pew-pimp, where are ye in the Devil's Name?

Enter Old Merriton with Guard at distance.

O. Mer. To one of my Names I answer, what's your pleasure, Sir?

Rake. 'Oons, to go in, Sir-----and to carry in this sweet Lady, Sir, quick, quick, ye old Homily, I've wonders to tell thee, Rogue.

O. Mer. I have wonders to tell you, Sir Rowland.

Rake. A pox o'thy wonders, thou hast 'em all out of the Apocrypha, I'll not hear one of 'em before Supper; 'sbud, open the Door there.

Filt. What can be the meaning of this?

O. Mer. You will not force, Sir, into a Ladies House without her leave?

Rake. A Ladies House-----ha, ha, ha, old Deutrinomy's mad too, or has the old Hipocrite got a Whore into my House, and lovingly given her the Possession?

O. Mer. No, Sir, the Lady which is the right Owner of the House, Sir, William Wealthy's Daughter; she, you and I kidnap'd to the Indies, Sir, who has, to tell you the truth, with my Assistance; now made hard shift to get back to seize her own.

Rake. Ha, ha, ha-----'tis so, he's Craz'd, poor Religion is stark mad by this light; the Owner within, ye lie, here she stands; speak, my Dear, art not thou the true Heiress-----hah, prithee speak and confound the silly Fellow.

Filt. Why then, if I must speak, not I, Faith, Sir, therefore look to your self.

Rake. Not the Heiress, 'oons, what a Devil art thou then?

Oyley. A very good Gentlewoman, I assure ye, Sir Rowland-----

Amor. I told ye once before, she's an old Acquaintance of mine, an admirable Backword-player; 'tis true, she's not worth a Groat, but she can knit well, or make Buttons: will you Seal yet, Sir?

Rake. Oh the Devil, I am chous'd, abus'd, undone!

O. Mer. A mistake only in the Woman, Sir, here comes a Lady will clear

Enter Mirtilla.

Your Guardian, Madam-----but perhaps you have forgot him.

Mirt. I have, but not his Vices, which I'll not reprove, because I'll leave the Law to do it for me; in the mean time 'tis satisfaction for me that I dare seize my own.

Amor. My little pretty Tit of the Boarding-School, by all that's good, this subtle old Fellow, I find, has fool'd me damnably.

Jilt. Her own Furies and Hell, am I then gull'd at last?

Rake. 'Sbud draw, I'll make a forcible entry; I'll not be fool'd thus: Draw Nephew, and I will seal.

Amor. Not I; draw to Newgate, to Tyburn, be Condemned, Carted, Halter'd, Hoisted and Hang'd, if you please, I'll not draw an inch, not I.

O. *Mer.* Oh, we are ready for ye, Sir; seize on him there, and secure him till the Law determine further.

[*Constable and Guard seize Rake.*

And now y'are hamper'd, Sir, know that our former Argument of Spiritting away to the Indies this young Lady, the right Heiress to Sir William Wealthy, was always odious to me, which I had then discover'd and secur'd her, had I not known your Crowded Coffers would have out-talk'd my honesty, I therefore took this way, and seeming readily to pack her off, convey'd her privately to a Boarding-School, where the two hundred pounds a Year allow'd me for that honourable Action, I have faithfully laid out on her in Breeding, thus sav'd her from your mischievous Intentions, and well rewarded in the grateful Action.

Rake. I have made a fine days work of this! not so much for losing three thousand a year, as for marrying a three pil'd Whore, for an Heiress----but there's one comfort still, she is not like to get Groat by me.

Jilt. If I had known that, I'd as soon have married the Hangman.

Amor. What does your Ladyship think of a Page now, cover'd with Gold-Lace, and lin'd with Tissue.

Jilt. I'd poison him, as I would thee, and all the World.

Oley. If I did not dream of Woollen Stockings last night, I'm no Christian.

Mirt. The House I stand possess of, and the Writings, which give me Title as my Father's Heir, all which, Sir, *be- * To old Mer. ing about to choose me a new Guardian, I have offered, nay, with my self, to an ungrateful Man that has refus'd me.

O. *Mer.* And has he his Wits left?

[*Frowning on his Son.*

Amor. Whoever, Madam, that stupid Creature is, you shall find me more tractable, and if you please, you may remember, Madam-----

[*Brisking up to her, Y. Mer. interposes.*

Y. *Mer.* Oh, Sir! this is a Jem too Rich to lose; and, as you say, he must be very stupid, that, kindly proffer'd can deny to wear it---I hope, I may succeed, Madam.

Mirt. I need not speak, my heart too much pleads for ye.

Amor. Pox, fopp'd again, the Devil's in my Fortune, hark'e, Sir, you have chous'd me finely here,

[*To old Mer.*

O. *Mer.* Only Wit outwitted, Jack, no chouce, I onely diverted thee a little, for my Son's sake; thou know'st Natural affection is unblameable.

Amor. Diverted me! a pretty Epithete, he has diverted me from fifty thou-

land pounds, with a Fox to him; a fine diversion indeed ——— A plague of my shallow Pate.

O. Mer. Mr. Constable, there's your Warrant, go and secure Sir Rowland till further order; Crimes of this Nature must not be wink'd at, nor can I refuse my Evidence, and be honest.

Rake. Honest! a Fellow with a Face of thy Levitical Cut, honest! and a Rogue that knows too, there's no such thing in Nature.

O. Mer. No.

Rake. No! does not the Forreigner cheat the Country, the Country cheat the City, the City cheat the Courtier, the Courtier cheat the King, the Robber cheat the Fur-Coat, the Fur-Coat cheat the Red-Coat, the Red-Coat cheat the Petty-Coat, the Petty-Coat cheat the Black-Coat, and the Black-Coat cheat us all! and yet thou pratest of Honesty, Honesty; prithee Cant, pray on, and be damn'd, for that thou wilt come too for all thy Honesty: and so farewell.

Amor. Godbye, Uncle, here's my Settlement in a fine Condition. [is carried off.]

Y. Mer. Well Jack, thou shalt be no loser by my Fortune, I know thy Ravenous Uncle has suck'd up a great part of thy Estate by means unjust, which we'll return, and set thee up anew; see, Betty smiles at that.

Amor. And shall we fawn, and stroke, and kiss, and spect at one another again? Hah, my dear, dear, damn'd Crocodile, hah!

Oyley. Plague on 'em, they laugh at us; come away, Madam. [Embracing her first, then frowns.]

Jilt. I come; but I'm resolv'd I'll leave one swinging Curse behind me first. May Whores lose thee, and all thy Race, Salvation; Breed want, the Pox, Murder, and Desolation; And damn ye to the twentieth Generation.

Amor. Hah, hah, ha; Adieu Burtock; and Gad little did I think that ever I should have had the Heart to have said so; but come, there's an end on't. How now, who have we here, more House-warmers?

Enter L. Addleplot, L. Stroddle, Nicompoop, Le Prate, and Tearshift.
L. Addle. Where is this Wretch, this degenerate Creature, that is so eager for Man before she is capable, this Cub of thirteen, with the Devil in her already? Where must I find her? hah!

Nicom. This is the House, an't please your Ladyship.

L. Prat. Dis is de House begar of Sir Rowland Rakehell.

Y. Mer. Begar you lie; and therefore stand further off: Hey, what a Plague, d'ye come to besiege my House?

L. Prat. Your House, Morbleau? but dat is ver strange.

Y. Mer. Oh, Sir, strange and true! Therefore dance your distance.

L. Addle. I hope you are not accessory to the Childrens Rape, Sir?

Y. Mer. Not I, Faith; all your Ladyships Children have a better faculty themselves than to want Accessories.

L. Addle. Very well, Sir; you may chance to swing for this; for my Daughter is an Heiress.

Y. Mer. Oh, I'll venture that; they are within there with two honest ingenious young Fellows, who I think are Married to 'em; and for my part I could not civilly deny 'em the protection of my House. See, I suppose they have heard your voice, and are come of their own accord.

Enter Jenny, Molly, Cooper, Semibrier, and Parson.

L. Aldle. Ay, ay, there has been some mischief done, I am sure, for yonder's a Parson with 'em.

L. Aldle. D'ye know your Mother, Holly? Come hither.

Jenny. Oh, I won't tho, you'll whip me.

Nicom. And hast thou ungraciously taken Man without my leave, *Molly*?

Molly. Yes indeed have I, therefore hold your self contented.

Semibr. Ay, ay, well said, my Dear.

[Huggs her.]

Jenny. However, whereof I am married, pray, the Man asked Mr. Cooper a Question, and he said ay; and then he asked me a Question, and I said ay; and then we both joyned hands together, and so we were married as fast as any thing.

[Cooper hugs her.]

L. Aldle. You have not consummated the Jade, and therefore I'll unmarry you again.

Parson. Verily they have done as became them Both, I was an eye witness.

L. Strad. An eye witness! there's a pumping fanatical Rogue for you now.

Molly. I vads I like it very well, I with I had been married sooner for my part, for I begin to love Mr. Semibrier since we bedded, better than my bread and butter by half.

L. Aldle. This comes of putting Girls to a Boarding-School.

Nicom. Ay, they hop, and dance till they set their blood on fire, and then they quench it with the next puddle they come at seriously.

Shout within.] A Rogue, a Fryer, down with him, down with him.

Enter Old Bragg in a Fryers habit, the Mobb after him, and

Young Bragg as their Captain.

Old Bragg. Help, help, Murder, Murder, I'm pursued, I'm taken, I'm kill'd help, help.

Y. Bragg. Oh we'll bring you to life again presently, you old Scoundrel.

Mr. There's Money for ye, I'll purchase his Liberty for once; and d'ye, hear, yonder's a better subject for you by half, and my Lady there; now you have a rare time to revenge your self, and seize on her and her Party; I know they'r hatching something against the Government.

Young Bragg. I'll do't, fall on friends — By your leave, Madam, I must secure you, you have done as much for me you know many a time: 'tis true, yours was a fairer way, but we Politicians must not value Niceties of honour, we have an Advantage, therefore I, the Blacksmith and Captain confine you Prisoner to the State.

Mobb. And I the Chimney-sweeper a Lieutenant, justify him in't.

L. Aldle. Nay, I know the Government's afraid of me, I have been told as much; but for my own part, look to't that I don't meet thee hereafter, for if I do, if there be a Capon in Christendom I'll make thee one; I'll teach you to disarm the Colonel of the Ladies, you *Linsborough's* Rascal you.

L. Strad. If ever we live to see good days again, look to your selves, Rebels.

Le. Prate. Or twenty towlsand French upon London-Bridge, as *Notredame* assure us — den you shall see vat de French can do; den Mortbleau you shall see de great Monarch —

Young Bragg. Ah, stop his mouth there, down with him, a French Rascal.

Nicom. Well, I hope we shall have peace for all this, for I am weary of my Bull, seriously.

Old Bragg. And so am I of my Sables, here I'm sure; 'a' death could they find no other way to disgrace me, but to stink me with an old Fox Hide, and choak me up in the fur of a Fryer, now shall I stink of Popery for this Month at least, which is a worse smell to me than an Old Jew that is telling a Story, and has just rellish'd his Mouth with a Clove of Garlick.

Old. Mer. Come, Madam, your Supper is ready within, where you shall give me leave to drink Prosperity to the King and Government, not forgetting some new Consummations.

Amor. And if I do happen to be drunk with toping thine and thy blessings Health there, thou'lt be so kind, Friend, as to remember the mortgage in the morning, ha! —

Young. Mer. Oh never doubt me, I'll not break my Word — and now sweet Angel, my Joys crowd thick about my heart, and long for vent, the approaching happiness looks so like Heaven, that I methinks am extrased already.

Mirtil. Nor is my share of vast Content less Charming.

*In Fortune's brightest Sphere of Bliss I move,
Enjoying Wealth enough, and him I Love*

[Exit omnes.

FINIS.

